The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1901.

The Week.

Senator Cullom, fresh from communings at Canton, feels that he is but "representing the President's ideas" when he declares that the next Congress ought to do some things which will "amount to a partial revision of the tariff." No general revision—Heaven forbid! Senator Cullom would be as much alarmed at that horrible process, except in years when he wanted to undertake it, as the next man. But he has discovered an opinion abroad that the United States is "disposed to act in what may be called a hoggish manner in its trade relations," and he thinks a little tariff modification and the ratification of reciprocity treaties not only would remove that suspicion, but would also give us more trade. Therefore he believes it would be "beneficial all round." What! beneficial to the manufacturers of bogus jewelry and the makers of gloves and worsteds? They killed the French treaty last winter on the statesmanlike ground that there was "nothing in it for them." So with every man who has a favor to his business written into the tariff—that is the thing which is "beneficial all round" to the interests it was made to suit, and they will not surrender a clause of it without a fight and threats to pull the whole edifice down about the party's ears if it dares to touch one poor little scantling in it. This great truth it is, so well attested by repeated experiment, which always lends a certain comic air to the announced determination of Republicans to show you a tariff "reformed by its friends."

Congressman Babcock writes a breezy letter from Marienbad, in Bohemia, to the editor of a Wisconsin newspaper, on the subject of his proposed bill to repeal the duties on articles which "we can to-day produce and undersell the world." He says that he has not changed his intention, but has been confirmed in it by the progress of time. The reading public will recall the fact that Mr. Babcock declared his purpose to introduce a bill amendatory of the tariff at the time when the United States Steel Company was formed, and it was inferred that he intended to direct his energies exclusively to branches of industry controlled by monopolies. It seems, however, that he does not restrict himself to those, but extends his proposed reform to articles which we are exporting and selling in the world's markets in competition with foreign producers, "like the products of our farms." He regards the policy of protection to those articles as indefensible. "If Congress maintains a tariff on such articles," he says, "the whole theory of protection falls to the ground, and it simply inures to the benefit of those who may secure the control of any such commodity, since by its aid they can fix exorbitant prices in the domestic market." Replying to his Republican colleagues on the Committee of Ways and Means, Messrs. Payne and Dalzell, who contend that the small manufacturer would be crushed out by the repeal of such duties, he says that as these small concerns are already competing with the large ones, he does not see why they may not continue to do so after the duties are repealed. He might add that if the rule were that no duties were to be repealed or lowered as long as any small concern was engaged in the business, it would be very easy for the "combine" to keep a small one going in order to shield themselves from tariff changes. The significance of Mr. Babcock's letter, however, is not found in any change of details in his proposed bill, but in the fact that his purpose to push the bill is unchanged.

If Bryan's unterrified friends in Ohio wished to make him and themselves ridiculous, they certainly won a great success in their "State Convention" at Columbus on July 31. A dozen men in a bedroom listening to a "keynote speech," with the outnumbering reporters trying to catch it (for some of them it must have been a keyhole speech), and with an occasional bolter from the bolters further reducing the ranks from time to time, would seem to be exactly the kind of "candid friends" from whom Mr. Bryan might pray Heaven to save him. The only touch of humor in the proceedings lay in the choice of a name for the new organization. "The Progressive Democratic Party," they decided to call themselves. The suggestion of the obvious room for growth in a party now numbering 8 or 9 is subtly delightful.

An address just issued by a number of influential Democrats in Pennsylvania, appealing to the delegates to the Democratic State Convention to exclude from that body the representatives of the Donnelly-Ryan machine of Philadelphia, throws a strong light on the real meaning of the opposition on the part of the machine Democrats of Pennsylvania to fusion with the Independent Republicans in the work of ridding the State of the abomination of Quay rule, and of rescuing Philadelphia from the gang of public plunderers which now has the city in its grasp. Says the address:

> "In the hands of Charles P. Donnelly and Thomas J. Ryan the Democratic organization of Philadelphia is but an annex of the Republican city machine. So notorious is this, that the voters of our party faith will no longer go to the polls to be insulted, assaulted by the police, cheated, and counted out by their creatures of this unholy alliance."

Evidently, fusion of the Democratic machine with the enemies of the Republican machine could not, under such circumstances, reasonably be expected, and the address rightly insists that the first step must be the overthrow of the Democratic leaders who are misrepresenting their party for their own gain. On the same day with this Democratic address, there was a bitter arraignment of the Republican machine by ex-Gov. Hastings at Bellefonte. The two pictures placed side by side present a startling spectacle. With both party machines hopelessly corrupt, the people of Pennsylvania are beset to know which way to turn. As yet non-partisanship is with them but a feeble growth.

Whatever the recent Socialist "unity" convention at Indianapolis proved or disproved, it showed clearly enough that the Socialists are not yet of one mind. Two distinct kinds of Socialism were represented — a vague, humanitarian sort which was content to seek halfway reforms, such as State ownership of public utilities, compulsory insurance, and old-age pensions, equal political rights for men and women, the initiative and referendum—and an uncompromising Socialism which set before itself the exploitation of the capitalist class. The moderates were soon disabused of the idea that a mealy-mouthed enthusiasm for social reform was Socialism, by a display of the real thing. The original demand for insurance and pensions, for example, read as follows:

> "[We advocate] State or national insurance of working people in case of accidents, lack of employment, sickness, and want in old age."

No such vague benevolent project contented the radicals. Who is to pay for these benefits? they inquired. Surely not the beneficiaries! So they amended the clause by adding,

> "the funds for this purpose to be collected from the revenue of the capitalist class, and to be administered under the control of the working class."

Several such changes in the demands or the platform as originally drafted showed that, for many of the delegates, all ideals of social reform were included in the ambition to despoil the capitalist. He was to pay for everything. Who was to pay when the capitalist was finally abolished, no delegate to the congress ventured to predict.

The annals of New York State politics record no more beautiful and touching

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scene than the reconciliation last week of those two eminent Republican statesmen, Louis F. Payn and Lemuel Eli Quigg. When they quarrelled several years ago, Mr. Quigg published the charge that Mr. Payn was using a corruption fund at Albany to influence legislation, and denounced him as a professional lobbyist. Mr. Payn, of course, was equally frank in telling the truth about Mr. Quigg. Hence a certain coolness, till Mr. Quigg triumphantly proved his devotion to lofty principles by declaring that the anti-Tammany forces must nominate a Republican for Mayor. This exhibition of unimpeachable morality conquered the heart of the obdurate Mr. Payn, for his chief virtue is a holy horror of political independence. Accordingly, Mr. Payne called on Mr. Quigg, they "gazed at each other, first doubtfully, then smilingly," then came a heartfelt clasp of hands, and doubtless a gush of hot tears. Mr. Platt, however, on Sunday, stated explicitly that he is for an independent Democrat as candidate for Mayor against Tammany. This was incidentally intended to complete the squelching of Quigg. It also commits the Republican machine, so far as Platt is still able to speak for it, to what is undoubtedly the most rational and promising programme for our municipal campaign. First, however, catch your independent Democrat. "Any man whom they nominate will be the man for me," says Platt. If he had been willing to say that in 1897 he would have saved the city from its past four years of shame. But what if the independent Democrat most fit for the nomination should prove to be a man who had denounced Platt as unsparingly as Croker, had said that their methods were identical and their political morality and respectability on a par?

The strategic importance of the Bissert conviction, at the present stage of the anti-Tammany campaign, will be more and more apparent as the days pass. It was, in effect, a strong expression of the public disgust and horror at Tammany infamies. That a jury could be found which was not to be tampered with or terrorized, is in itself a fact indicative of the prevailing sentiment that it is high time to stop official connivance at vice and crime. In the Mafia-like reign of terror which the Tammany police maintain in this city, it requires civic courage of the first order to be ready, as the Bissert jury was, to put a brand of shame upon men who openly boast that they will ruin in property, or maim in life and limb, any man who dares to testify against them. It is this, together with the immense legal difficulty of proving the true modus operandi of the Tammany method of battening upon gambling and prostitution, which makes District-Attorney Philbin's victory, in his first encounter with the cohorts of official corruption, so notable and encouraging. It should prompt him to strike higher and harder. We seem to be at the "psychologic moment" to press forward and turn Tammany's consternation into actual panic. With a few more of the men who "pass it up" to him caught, Croker will not dare to come back at all; and a Tammany still further exposed as the ally of criminals and the paid protector of vice will find it impossible to carry out its present plan of getting a "respectable" figurehead, merchant or banker, to stand as its candidate for Mayor. With a few more revelations of the moral slime in which Tammany lives, a respectable man would no more think of accepting a nomination from it than he would of taking up his residence in a pest-house.

In addition to the "grandfather" clause, the Alabama Convention has adopted a suffrage provision open to unlimited partisan abuse. It stipulates that, until January, 1903, in addition to the war-veterans, and their descendants, only those be permitted to vote who are "of good character and who understand the duties and obligations of citizenship under a republican form of government." The judges of this character and understanding are to be three appointed registrars in each county. This plan of sifting out undesirable citizens is obviously intended to work the same disfranchisement as the "understanding" clause in Mississippi; nor is its viciousness relieved by a farcical provision for an appeal to the courts by those rejected by the registrars. Members of the class aimed at will never engage lawyers to try their character and understanding before a prejudiced jury. It is assumed in Alabama that there will not be time enough before 1903 to test the Constitutionality of the hereditary suffrage clause. But even if that should be declared invalid, the arrangement to pass on "character and understanding" will be sufficient to attain the desired end. Under its partisan operation, all the poor and illiterate whites of voting age can be registered, and all the negroes can be excluded. In Alabama, as in the Maryland Democratic Convention, "the duties and obligations of citizenship" can be construed to mean the duty of voting the Democratic ticket for the maintenance of white supremacy.

A movement has been set on foot among the Western lake-cities for the abrogation of the treaty with Great Britain which limits the naval forces of either party on the great lakes. This treaty was originally made in 1817. It provided that no other vessels of war than those named should be there built or armed. There was a stipulation, however, that either party might terminate the treaty on six months' notice. The movement to terminate it now is not founded in Jingoism, but in a desire to build war-vessels on the lakes for foreign countries. It is a commercial and industrial movement solely, and is therefore entitled to respect. Iron shipbuilding on the lakes has become an extensive industry, and is rapidly growing. By reason of nearness to iron and coal deposits, it possesses some advantages over the yards on the Atlantic seaboard, which are more than offset, however, by the tidewater situation of the latter. No war-vessel for a foreign country can be built on the lakes which exceeds the capacity of the Canadian canals through which they must pass to the ocean. They will be limited to the size of gunboats. Moreover, it will be futile for us to abrogate the treaty of 1817 unless we can have permission to send the war-vessels so built through the Canadian canals. This permission could probably be obtained without difficulty provided the vessels were not armed. Nobody proposes to increase our armament on the lakes merely to furnish employment to shipbuilders. The treaty of 1817 has been a great saving of expense to both countries, besides being a conservator of peace, and it ought to be kept in effect so far as it relates to the maintenance of naval force on the lakes; but there is no reason why it should not be so amended as to permit the building of ships for service on salt water.

The heartburnings which began with the publication of the new German tariff project are increasing daily. The Agrarians insist that the duties on cereals and fruits are not high enough to afford them adequate protection. This is an averment which depends very much, for its force, upon the standpoint of the man who makes it. If he is a producer of cereals and fruits, he will be very likely to say that the tariff is ridiculously low, whereas the consumer will think that any tariff is too high. Then the Government will probably "split the difference," and, in a conscientious endeavor to satisfy both parties, will satisfy neither, but will make both of them bitterly hostile. We have had some experience of this sort in the United States, but nothing like that which seems to be impending in Germany. The conditions of life here are comparatively easy, and we have free trade over a wider area than the whole of Europe, excluding Russia. Hence the pressure of protective tariff duties is much less burdensome. Moreover, the duties on foodstuffs here are not generally felt, as those articles are produced by us in superabundance, and are largely exported. In Germany a very slight addition to the cost of food will be keenly felt by the manufacturers and by working-class families, and will provoke stout resistance. On this point we may look for a battle royal in the Reichstag.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The charge is made by the Agrarians that the Government is encouraging the collection and publication of comments in the foreign press hostile to the bill. That is very likely.

Looking at this internecine strife among our trade rivals on the other side of the water, what becomes of the great combination that was to meet us at the frontier of every country in Europe except England? True, the union against America was never formulated in such a way that we could look it in the face and form an estimate of its importance, yet it was soberly mooted by the Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary as one of the necessities of the time, and was taken up by the press of the Continent as a subject calling for immediate attention. The only way to accomplish the end in view was to form a European Zollverein against American goods, the details of which should be worked out by a commission of all the countries concerned. We can faintly imagine what a jargon of opposing interests would be revealed whenever a conference of this sort should be opened for business. Now we find Germany, Austria, and Russia wrangling among themselves over tariff questions, and giving each other quite enough material to engage their thoughts without having recourse to the question of an anti-American Zollverein.

It was not a notable figure which Mr. Chamberlain presented in the House of Commons last Friday, explaining as he did, in the name of the Government of Imperial Britain, that he had 200,000 soldiers in South Africa engaged in man-hunting, and that he was even arming Kaffirs against the Boers. He asserted that there was no understanding whatever that England would not employ black troops against the burghers. No understanding, perhaps, but Mr. Balfour distinctly asserted for the Government, at the beginning of the war, that the thing would not be done. Surely, Mr. Chamberlain cannot have forgotten that, or John Morley's grim congratulations of the Cabinet on having determined to use only Christians in killing Christians. It would be much franker, if still discreditable, for the Colonial Secretary to say, now that the circumstances have changed, that he was in a desperate situation, fighting desperate men, and should not scruple to use any weapon that fell to his hand. But the whole thing is, in any aspect of it, a ghastly comment on our Hague Conferences and Geneva Convention to make war more "humane." What we see now, in England's case, is simply the old truth that war cannot be made humane; that it is the unleashing of brute passions; and that the most civilized of nations, once in hot blood, will sneer at "mistaken leniency," and will swagger about "fighting to a finish," just as if it were a tribe of Sudanese led by the Mad Mullah.

Professor Bastable, whose treatise on Finance holds a high place in contemporary literature, gives his approval in the *Economic Journal* to the English budget, but considers the increase of the national debt a very serious matter. "For the two years 1900-2," he says, "this increase will be, broadly speaking, £100,000,000, *i. e.*, about the amount of the debt paid off between 1886 and 1899. Thus two years of war balance the work of fourteen years of peace." In regard to the export duty on coal he thinks that its continuance is doubtful, and must depend upon the results of its actual working. If it should result in checking British trade at competitive points, it might cause more loss to commerce than gain to the Treasury. It was the opinion of the late Professor Jevons that an export duty on coal would have that effect. Incidentally, Professor Bastable notices that the expenditure of the Imperial Government for all purposes has been at the rate of half a million sterling per day for two years, not counting the expenses of local government. He thinks that there is no decided indication that the strain is too great, but that some important taxes are probably very near their point of maximum productiveness.

The Jesuits, it is credibly reported in the *Sun* on the authority of a prominent Jesuit editor of this city, will disband their twenty-nine colleges in France, and withdraw the one thousand students who are candidates for the order to Holland. They have felt that the Government was unalterably hostile to them, and that it would be useless to apply for an authorization under the Associations Bill. If it is really true that the French Jesuits are gone for good, and that the 16,000 students of Jesuit colleges must enter other schools, the fact is a signal victory for the advocates of the bill. For that measure, supported by the Socialists chiefly as a step toward confiscation, was, in the minds of many Moderate Republicans and of all Radicals, only a step towards the secularizing of education in France. The Government has long looked with no favorable eye on the success of the Catholic schools. All attempted discrimination in the professional and official examinations has been defeated by the simple excellence of the Catholic schools. It has been generally felt, with perhaps a certain "snobism," that the Catholic schoolmasters were of a higher grade as men and scholars than the corresponding teachers of the *Université*. All this has gained for the Jesuit schools public confidence, and support among the wealthier classes.

There is nothing that the French bourgeois with his cheap Voltaireanism detests more heartily than this assumption of culture and social distinction, which has been the mark of the Catholic seminaries. He not only hates it, but distrusts it; and reports of the growth of Royalist and Catholic sentiment in the army are the favorite bugaboo of the sensational press. The voluntary closing of the Jesuit schools will by them be acclaimed as a triumph for secular education. If the Jesuits had ever learned the art of staying away, the triumph would be more complete. Suppressed as an order by the Church herself, expelled, first or last, from nearly every country of Europe, they have always managed not only to return, but actually to prosper under proscription. This is not alone due to their proverbial political sagacity, but to their actual qualifications as schoolmasters. Thus, in Italy, where their conventual holdings were confiscated, most of the buildings serve again as Jesuit schools. The French Associations Bill is strict, but its rigid application will require a closer vigilance than any Government is likely to give. The Jesuits hardly needed the Pope's injunction to take every advantage left to them by the Associations Bill, but no order was more likely to profit by, and possibly exceed, the instructions. Because their candidates in theology are to be transferred to Holland as an asylum, one need not suppose that the 16,000 pupils suddenly dismissed in the long vacation are to be forsaken.

It is hard to view the interruption of the Daudet-Richard duel for the purpose of sterilizing the weapons in other than a ridiculous light. Amusement deepens when we read that this may serve as a precedent on the field of honor. For many years, to be sure, the swords in a German *Mensur* have been wiped with listerine between bouts. But the student duels are friendly contests, in which every risk except that of casual mutilation is rightly guarded against. The French duels, on the contrary, are to avenge deadly insults, and the combat is *à outrance*. Tragedy is their presumable aim. There is something quite absurd, then, in lessening the risk on the duelling-ground. If M. Daudet's sword, having accidentally touched the ground, had possibly picked up a deadly microbe or two, M. Richard was free to do the same with his weapon and continue the fight on even terms. What is to become of the "code" if it must embody all the results of modern bacteriology? Meadows and woods and ravines and public parks, the favorite resorts of duellists, are notoriously septic, but are they not indispensable, too? Could the institution long survive a code which required the preliminary sterilization of all parties, aseptic weapons, and a thoroughly fumigated room?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OBSTINATE SURPLUS.

On March 2 of this year was enacted a revenue-reduction law, designed to check the accumulating surplus in the Treasury. The so-called War Revenue Act of June 13, 1898, adding (chiefly through new stamp taxes) $100,000,000 to the annual public income, had remained in force, although war expenditures had been reduced $95,000,000 below those of 1898. As a result, the surplus revenue rose to $79,500,000 in the fiscal year 1900, and to $76,000,000 in the twelve months ending with last June. The Congressional committees which took the matter in charge last winter, proposed a law repealing taxes on bank checks, express-receipts and telegraph messages, and proprietary medicines, and reducing by 20 and 50 per cent. the tax on foreign bills of exchange, on beer and tobacco, steamship passage tickets, and a few other objects of stamp requirements. Some of these taxes had been enormously productive, and it was estimated, both by the committees and by Secretary Gage, that the changes would strike off about $40,000,000 annual revenue. With expenditure unchanged, this would have left for the ensuing fiscal year a surplus of $36,000,000.

The new schedules of taxation went into effect July 1. The first month under the reduced taxes ended last Thursday, and its fiscal results are contrary to all expectations. Government receipts for July, instead of feeling the influence of the lower taxes, have turned out $2,000,000 larger than in 1900, and $4,000,000 more than in 1899. The month's expenditure, too, has been reduced $1,600,000 from last year, and $4,500,000 from the year before. July is usually a month when, owing to the heavy interest payments, expenditure exceeds receipts. Not in fifteen years has there been any excess revenue in July, when interest and pension payments are always particularly large, and when appropriations for the new fiscal year are promptly drawn upon. There was a deficit for the month even in periods of abnormal surplus revenue, such as 1889 and 1890. Last year the July deficit exceeded $4,000,000. Yet July, 1901, ends with an actual excess revenue.

There are several explanations of this anomalous result—some of them suggested by the figures, some by similar experience in the past. In the first place, out of the $2,300,000 increase in revenue over July, 1900, $1,400,000 came from customs. This branch of revenue was not affected by the law of March 2, which dealt exclusively with internal schedules. It was affected, however, by the increase in dutiable imports, which has been considerable. In June, these tax-paying importations increased $2,700,000, and the increase last month was probably as large, or larger. But there was also an increase of some $750,000 in receipts from internal revenue, which is difficult to explain except on the theory that taxpayers who had allowed their supply of stamps to run low on the eve of reduction in the rate, bought in exceptional quantities when the new law took effect. Even this explanation, however, is only inference. As a matter of fact, receipts from internal revenue, in the first week of July, were less than in 1900, and the large increase came in the last fortnight. But no other explanation is apparent.

This seeming paradox has, however, presented itself on a similar occasion in our financial history. The Government's experience after the tax reductions of 1883 furnishes a case in point. At that time, as in the present year, internal taxes were made to bear the brunt of the alterations. The measure of that day was entitled "a bill to reduce internal taxation." It struck off absolutely taxes on bank checks, bank deposits, and other similar sources of revenue, which had yielded $10,000,000 in the preceding fiscal year. It cut down nearly one-half the tax on tobacco manufactures, which had produced $47,000,000. Yet in March, 1883—the first month under the new schedules—these very internal taxes yielded a revenue larger by $1,800,000 than in the same month the year before. This increase did not continue; the revenue soon declined below that of 1882; yet within six months the Treasury officers had figured out that, instead of the $34,700,000 reduction of internal revenue contemplated by the Congressional committees, $24,500,000 was the outside limit. This second and lower estimate turned out correct.

Very possibly, some miscalculation will be found to have been made in the Tax Reduction Law of 1901, after it shall have been fully tested. It is impossible to be exact, and sometimes not easy even to approximate, when estimates of a revenue-yield depend on popular whim and fluctuating trade conditions. But one month's trial is not conclusive in 1901 any more than in 1883, and every one ought to hope that the revenue will be reduced as planned. This is not alone because an accumulating surplus in the Treasury makes trouble on the money market. Consequences, to be sure, are bad enough in that direction. Only through extensive and hastily undertaken bond redemptions was the disturbance resulting from such locking-up of funds averted in 1899, and it needed the heavy premium payments, under the Bond Redemption Law of March, 1900, to escape another "squeeze" that year.

But the more formidable danger lies elsewhere. The recent Ship-Subsidy Bill, with its effort to appropriate $180,000,000 from the public revenue, is an example of the sort of measure which gets a hearing in days of overflowing surplus. The wildly extravagant River and Harbor Bill was killed last March only for a session. Even with these two and other kindred measures thrown out by the Fifty-sixth Congress, the appropriations of that body ran nearly $400,000,000 beyond those of the Congress before the Spanish war, of whose grants the Appropriations Committee's chairman remarked that they "are, in my judgment, in excess of the legitimate demands of the public service." The danger is that the very annoyance to the money market of which we have spoken, will lead to a hasty acquiescence in any proposal to reduce the surplus.

We are not yet ready to predict that such a position of affairs is in sight. It is a fortunate circumstance that our people have learned in recent years what the doctoring of a surplus by increased appropriations means. The time comes, as it came after 1890, when the springs of abundant revenue suddenly dry up. But the roll of expenditure does not contract along with them. The pension claimants, the river-and-harbor and public-buildings petitioners do not withdraw because the Government is in straits. They were intriguing as persistently when the Treasury was fighting off bankruptcy in 1894, as they were when McKinley in the Ways and Means Committee of 1890, and Tanner in the Pension Office, were inviting all the lobbyists of Washington to thrust their hands into the public strong-box. But the experience which the people had with this class of financial experts then was enough for one generation. If the surplus of 1901 were to keep on rising, it is safe to say that the people's demand would be directed, as it ought to be, towards further remission of taxation.

THE COMING STRIKE.

The failure of the conferees of the United States Steel Corporation and of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers to come to an agreement on Saturday seems likely to result in the most extensive and disastrous strike that this country has ever seen. The preliminary steps are well known. It is certain that the strike is not on a question of wages or hours. Therefore, it must be a question of union or non-union labor, and this, in the last analysis, is a question of control of the property from which both wages and profits are derived. It is an old question, and one which will continue to divide society for long years to come. We must always hope for an eventual solution of it without fighting, but such a settlement seems now to be as remote as it was some twenty-five years ago, when Pittsburgh was in anarchy and seemed about to be swallowed in flames.

After the great Homestead strike, the Carnegie works emancipated themselves from the Amalgamated Association; in other words, made themselves "non-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

union," and went on their way rejoicing. They became the most successful producers of steel in the world, and they paid no lower wages than the Amalgamated scale. Of course, they were an eyesore to the union, as every non-union shop is, and all the more by reason of the magnitude of their output and the rapidity of their growth. It seems not improbable that the real aim of the strikers has been to bring the Carnegie works under Amalgamated control, a plan for which the acquirement of the Carnegie mills by the United States Steel Corporation would seem to furnish a good basis. If the Amalgamated Association could tie up all the works controlled by them (say three-fourths of the mills owned by the company), and keep them tied up until the company would agree to unionize the other fourth, including the Carnegie works, such a scheme would be perfectly intelligible. Whatever might be thought of it as a business proposition, it would be a rational explanation of everything that has taken place.

Looking at the points of disagreement as officially presented by the leaders of the Amalgamated Association, they seem to be very slight. They are the following:

PROPOSITION OF THE STEEL CORPORATION.

"Tin Plate Company—Business shall proceed under the contract signed with the Amalgamated Association as of July 1, 1901.

"The American Steel Hoop Company should sign the scale for all the mills owned by the American Steel Hoop Company that were signed for last year.

"American Sheet Steel Company—Company should sign the scale for all the mills of this company that were signed for last year excepting the Old Meadow and Saltsburg mills."

PROPOSITION OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION.

"We, the members of the Executive Board of the Amalgamated Association, hereby present the following proposition as a reply to that received from the United States Steel Corporation:

"Sheet mills—All mills signed for last year, with the exception of Saltsburg and Scottsdale, and with the addition of McKeesport and Wellsville.

"Hoop mills—All mills now known to be organized, viz., Youngstown, Girard, Greenville, Pomeroy, Warren, Painters, and Lindsay and McCutcheon, Clark, Monessen, Mingo, and bar mill, 12-inch, 9-inch, and hoop mills of the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company.

"Tin mills—All mills except Monessen.

"Note—All other matters of detail to be left for settlement by conference."

"Signing the scale" for any mill, or collection of mills, means that future differences between the employers and employees in them shall be within the jurisdiction of the Amalgamated Association. In other words, the mill or mills shall be considered unionized, whether the majority of the men working in them are members of the union or not. Any number of questions might arise immediately after the "signing of the scale," and they would be questions for the Amalgamated Association to pass upon. The latter might decide that no non-union men should be employed in the mill. On the other hand, the officers of the Corporation might discharge the union men one by one on various pretexts. The signing of the scale therefore is a weighty matter from both points of view.

The first difference between the two parties relates to the Tin-Plate Company, and here the men are clearly in the wrong. A contract was signed on the first of July, 1901, for one year, by the Amalgamated Association for all the tin-plate mills. The Corporation may justly insist that that contract shall be fulfilled. We believe that there is a by-law of the Association which authorizes them to declare a contract "off" in certain contingencies, but that is not binding on the other party to the contract. A violation of a written agreement only a month old is calculated to deprive the workmen of the public sympathy as to that particular matter and to cast a shadow upon their cause generally.

The other points of difference are apparently trifling. They are questions relating to particular mills—whether the scale shall be signed for this one, or for that one, or not. But each one involves the principle of control of the property, and is as important in the estimation of both sides as though the question were whether future rates of wages and hours of labor, in all the mills of the Corporation, shall be regulated and fixed by one or the other party exclusively. This is the unexpressed issue which, we regret to think, is to be put to a trial of strength and fought out with much suffering and loss of both wages and profits, and perhaps something worse before the end is reached.

That the strike will project itself into politics it is easy to foresee. Mr. Shaffer in a public speech invoked the aid of President McKinley to use his influence with Mr. J. P. Morgan to settle the dispute without a trial of strength. Senator Hanna has been flitting about the country during the crisis as though great issues depended upon a settlement of the difficulty. Without peering too far into the future, we may imagine that the strength of the Ship-Subsidy Bill in the coming session of Congress may be much impaired by a contest on a gigantic scale between labor and capital. We can imagine that Chairman Babcock may find a considerable accession of strength for his proposed tariff reform bill by a public spectacle of this kind. It will be strange, too, if the whole Trust question is not precipitated into the field of acrimonious debate in Washington next winter. That it will engage the attention of Congress more or less is assured by the forthcoming report of the Industrial Commission. Much bitterness may be added to it, whether the strike proves successful or not. The prospect now is that it will not be successful. The leaders cannot look for success from a mere test of endurance. They expect that political influence and public sympathy will come with overwhelming force to their aid.

LOSSES OF SENTIMENT.

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld writes in *Harper's* of a scene which he witnessed in the harbor of Southampton last year. A British transport clearing for South Africa passed a Batavian steamer, on board of which were some soldiers from Holland en route for Java. With the universal good-fellowship of men at arms, the Dutchmen cheered the Englishmen in khaki. But they were suddenly ordered below by an indignant young officer, "whose Boer sympathies were apparently shocked by the spectacle of Dutch soldiers cheering Englishmen." A cynical English officer might, however, have asked, "Why such squeamishness? We, it is true, are sailing to Cape Town in order to destroy the last shred of Boer independence. But are you not on your way to Java to kill the Achinese who are fighting for *their* independence? Liberty is liberty, whether in Africa or Asia, and a man is a man, whether we call him Boer or Malay; so why condemn in others the thing which you allow in yourselves?" We do not know how a Dutch casuist could give a really satisfactory answer to these questions. If he felt any awkwardness on the subject, however, all he would have to do would be to wait until he fell in with an American transport bound for the Philippines. With the soldiers on board her he would naturally feel himself in full *rapport*, since they, too, were embarked for the purpose of extinguishing the liberty of a Malay people. The Dutch and their predecessors in Java have been fighting the Achinese for a hundred years, and have not subdued them yet; but we shall hope to show them that our vigorous young republic can do much more rapid work than that in blotting out the last remnants of a Philippine republic.

The incident suggests the constant loss of fine sentiment, which is one of the penalties of our modern Imperialistic ventures. We rob ourselves of the power to sympathize with the oppressed when we ourselves turn oppressors—or even, involuntarily, if that pleases better, fall into the ungrateful and unintended attitude of an oppressor. This is a serious thing, for man or nation. A great part of national as of individual life thrives upon sentiment. To impair its power over us, to dull its appeals, to make us shamefaced in asserting it, is by so much to strike at the vitality and strength of the motives which enter into both our private and public character. For how long did Americans have to hang their heads at the taunt about "the home of the free and the land of the slave"! It made our homage to liberty seem hollow, and our brave words about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rights of man sound false and hypocritical. To remove that reproach cost years of agitation and a bloody war, and lo! the first thing we discover in the careless rapture of our new Imperialism is that we are again a slave-holding nation, and must once more blush to find our practice so at variance with our principles.

It is the common lot of liberty-loving and slavery-hating nations when once they embark on a grandiose career of conquest. No boast of the Briton, for example, has been louder and prouder than that slavery could not exist under the British flag. British soil or British protection was supposed automatically to strike off the fetters of the slave. But now humanitarian England, the England of Clarkson and Wilberforce, is tingling with shame over the admitted fact that there live to-day upwards of 200,000 slaves under the English flag. They are in Zanzibar and on the adjoining mainland, now a British protectorate. The matter was brought up in the House of Commons a few days ago, and the Government put the best face possible upon the unpleasant situation. True, the slaves were there, but they really did not want to be free; slavery was a part of their Mohammedan religion, and they did not mind it; besides, a promise had been made when Zanzibar was taken over that there would be no interference with the "social status"; and so the Government, while just as much opposed to slavery as ever, could do nothing except hope that the slaves would not be cruelly treated by their masters, and that the present regrettably high mortality among them would be checked. We were just going to cry shame upon such fumbling and shuffling with a great question of human liberty, but we remembered in time our own slaves in Sulu, and President McKinley's benevolent hope that each of them might soon be able to raise the money to buy his freedom "at the market price." Really, it is not exactly a thing to inflame the pride of Americans to be reminded that the price of slaves is again to be found among our market quotations.

It is small compensation for these losses of sentiment to say that we are richer and bigger and more terrible than ever. Republics do not live by wealth and territory and battle-ships. They feed and grow great upon ideas and feelings. For our part, we cannot but reckon the honeycombing of our old sentiments on the subject of self-government and personal rights as a serious subtraction from the strength of our national life. The practical effect is not, perhaps, great as yet, but the moral effect, the dimming of our fine ideals, is already profound; and the disastrous outward result will follow in due time unless we return to our faith in human liberty and our safeguarding of it. One practical effect we do indeed see. Our generous sympathies are as if dried up. We cannot bid struggling people across the sea Godspeed with the old heartiness. As Macbeth's "Amen" struck in his throat when "one cried 'God bless us!'" so do our voices when we attempt to utter encouragement to brave men striving for freedom.

THE THEATRE AND THE CRITICS.

The veteran dramatic critic, Mr. Henry Austin Clapp, who has just begun the publication of his reminiscences in the *Atlantic*, speaks with gratitude of the full liberty accorded to him by the journal which he has so ably and discreetly represented for many years, and with compassion of some of his associates whom he knows to have been prevented, by counting-room influence, from telling the truth as they saw it. There can be no doubt that the evil to which he thus alludes was abominably prevalent within the memory of living men who are not yet very old. It was rooted sometimes in mere vulgar greed, sometimes in personal enmity or favoritism, and was, of course, in each and every case equally disreputable. Moreover, there were not a few so-called critics—there is no secret about the names of some of them—who were deliberately corrupt on their own account, making a traffic out of their praise or abuse, with notorious indifference to their own self-respect and their duty to the public and their employers.

But this condition of affairs does not exist to-day, except in very rare and isolated instances. An occasional black sheep is to be found in most flocks, and no doubt there are a few rascals in the considerable body of men who, in one capacity or another, write on theatrical topics for the press of all large cities; but there is no longer anything like a systematized practice of blackmail, and the relations between the newspapers and the theatres are conducted on ordinary business methods; the theatres, as a rule, getting very much the best of the bargain. It is not necessary, therefore, to dwell upon an old and exceedingly unsavory scandal; but there are one or two points connected with the subject that are of present interest, such as the quality of current dramatic criticism, and the effect of it upon the fortunes of a particular play, or upon the character of the drama in general.

Speaking broadly, a laudatory or even moderately favorable notice of a new play is much more likely to contribute to its success than is a strongly or even bitterly condemnatory review to injure its prospects. A denunciation of a play on the score of its immorality or offensiveness is—and the reflection is not comforting—almost certain to insure for it a long and remunerative run. This does not mean, necessarily, that the taste of the community at large is debased or naturally inclined to what is rank and foul, but it does signify that there is a large percentage of play-goers who are attracted by and are on the lookout for anything that is strange, audacious, or startling, and upon whose support, in certain circumstances, the unscrupulous manager may depend, if he can succeed in attracting their attention to his objectionable wares. Consequently, the critic who, in real or simulated indignation, enlarges upon grosser details, helps to perpetuate the very evil to which he is apparently laboring to put an end. There can be no manner of doubt that some of the most pernicious plays of recent seasons owed a great part of their financial prosperity to the persistency with which their most demoralizing incidents were described and discussed, sometimes with seeming relish, in the newspapers. The injury done not only to real theatrical art, but to the whole cause of public decency and morality, by such purblind enthusiasm is, it need scarcely be said, incalculable. In dealing with a play whose influence is clearly mischievous and whose artistic merit is small or nil, the only possible course for the sincere and judicious critic is to characterize it in general terms, and dilate, not upon its alluring viciousness, but upon its manifest deficiencies as entertainment. The public is willing to be shocked, amazed, or horrified, but hates to be bored. Nothing is more quickly fatal to a play than an imputation of dulness.

Perhaps the most serious charge that can be justly preferred against the bulk of dramatic criticism in the contemporary daily press is a lack, not so much of competency or honesty, as of seriousness and sense of proportion. It remains, for the most part, cynically or ignorantly indifferent to the higher possibilities of the stage as a potent agent in the elevation of the public mind and morals, as well as a fascinating means of amusement. During the period of decadence, which has been marked for at least a generation, newspaper criticism has fallen more and more into the habit of regarding theatrical affairs from the managerial point of view—of attaching undue importance to the mere externals of costume and scenery, and of paying absurd deference to the fictitious reputations, which it has helped to manufacture, of very moderate performers. The old standards have been forgotten or cast aside, and even the new are lowered from time to time to conceal the shrinkage of dwindling capacities. Without actual misrepresentation, there is constantly a suppression of the truth and a suggestion of the false, as if the poor old drama, being in a bad way, needed coddling to keep it alive, and might perish suddenly if violence were done to its feelings.

What the drama really requires is a course of tonics, and, above all, the ob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servance of common-sense and proportion in the treatment of it. The amount of space which is wasted nowadays upon its irrelevant details is preposterous. It is time that we return to first principles, reduce the actor—exception may safely be made in the rare cases of genius—to the inconspicuousness of ordinary mortals, and, in dealing with a performance, put the play first, the interpretation second, and the decorations last of all. If criticism is to avail aught, it must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. To be sure, it has not always been popular with the public or with theatrical syndicates, but it is a policy worth the trying.

IMPRESSIONS OF SIAM.

BANGKOK, June 15, 1901.

Tides are very erratic near the mouth of the Bangkok River (Menam Chao Phraya), and the bar is an unreckonable quantity. At high water, large steamers pass with ease, but detentions of twelve and even thirty-six hours are not infrequent, especially for incoming steamers whose exact hour of arrival at the barrier cannot be foretold. But once over and inside the arms of the tortuous stream, it becomes immediately evident that a different country has been reached. Siamese architecture appears in the beautiful Wat Paknam, whose characteristic monuments rise on the left. Low and muddy banks are heavily wooded, and through the green occasionally protrude the white or gilded tops of *prachadces*, "merit-making" towers near temples, which lend a peculiarly individual accent to an otherwise monotonous landscape. Small boats are being paddled up and down, generally by women, whose short hair and general robustness make it difficult to distinguish which are the lords of this especial creation, except that the men are quite invariably lounging in the stern, watching the fine development of physique which exercise bestows upon the supposedly weaker sex. Even far down the river this boat-life begins, for a third of Bangkok lives afloat. Of this Venice of the East, the waterways (each a populous street), the network of canals threading the city, form quite the most picturesque feature.

Despite the alluvial character of the country, the river has very decisive currents, and, dependent upon changing tides, passage in the small native boats is simple or fraught with toil and difficulty. So large a part does the current play in Siamese life that a favorite proverb expresses belief in a heaven whose rivers have always a current up one side and down the other. With much naïveté the natives exhibit their amphibious qualities. Calmly smoking on their floating verandas, they may decide that it is now time for an unhurried plunge; after due deliberation a brown face and upstanding black hair on the surface of the muddy stream are all the visible tokens of the smoker. Beyond, a neighbor is perhaps sitting on the edge of his floor with feet dangling in the brown water, drying himself with whatever primitive appliance may be at hand; and tiniest children, supported by life-preservers made perhaps of petroleum tins, are splashing about, left unguarded by parents who know that a biscuit tin is better than weeks of instruction. Dipping up some of the unspeakable river water in their hands or a blue bowl, the bathers take long and refreshing draughts of the cooling element, or rinse out their betel-blackened mouths with its purity. It is whispered that certain ones high in authority never take long journeys away from home without a goodly supply of this water, for drinking in countries where there is less substance and flavor to the streams.

Shops are alluring when approached by water, and rows of golden Buddhas of most approved attitude and expression may be bought on the southern bank of one picturesque *klong*, while cheap but decorative blue dragon-china is omnipresent. From their lazy vantage-ground the natives hardly care to bestir themselves enough to show their wares. It is to them a matter of complete indifference whether they sell or not, and if one buys it is chiefly by dint of the purchaser's own energy and eloquence. Over most of these floating domiciles rise the beautiful curved roofs of Siam in all their wonderful grace, albeit small and of cheap materials, but hardly less attractive in outline than those of the fine temples themselves. And what a convenient way to live! If the neighborhood becomes unsympathetic, what is easier than to glide gently away and anchor in more congenial surroundings? Or if an enemy offend, a few holes may readily be bored in his floor at such time as he slumbers or bathes, and before long his household conditions will become pleasingly complicated. The poorer people live in smaller boats, with straw roofs only above the family treasures. But, poor or well-to-do, all have enough to eat, the amount of necessary clothing is a minimum, and life flows placidly onward. Months might happily be absorbed in idle exploration of the *klongs* and streams in all their miles of tortuous intricacy.

But the Chinese have entered in and taken peaceable possession. The streets are filled with them, the work is done by them; they reap the profits of industry. Early and late they may be seen, pulling jinrikishas, building, painting, digging, shop-keeping; the trail of the queue is over all, and, like Singapore, Bangkok may almost be called a Chinese city. The mixed descendants prove a stronger race than either original. The natives, unduly indolent, are quite content to see this unwarlike usurpation proceed. Even the making of porcelain has been abandoned, giving place to the universal Chinese blue. Happy is he who has in cabinet or case any genuine specimens of early Siamese pottery; it is all but a lost art. Silver-work, too, is wholly in the hands of the invaders, and, although certain Siamese designs are still constantly seen, as, for instance, the "story of the powerful monkey," they are now chiefly wrought by alien hands, and ideographs and dragons are taking their places.

In Oriental cities pawnshops are generally prolific in fine relics, and this was pre-eminently the case in Bangkok until the first of June this year. Then a spasm of municipal virtue unfortunately resulted in closing these attractive establishments, over which the khaki-clad native police now keep uncomfortable supervision. As a matter of fact, a good many stolen articles were to be found from time to time, and closing became imperative. A few favored shops are still open, under restrictions, where fine odds and ends may yet be found—among them occasional books, written in the Laos tongue, Sanskrit, Pali or Siamese, on parchment with brilliant illustrations, or on long and narrow leaves of palm, and each volume wrapped in its cover of old brocade. The by-lanes and remote passages where these and other shops flourish, are like pages from some indescribable book of the superlative. Hardly wide enough for two persons to pass comfortably, they are yet thronged with a motley array of hundreds. Chinese shout back and forth to one another in harsh yet sufficiently amiable expletives; gentle Siamese pursue their quiet avocations without so many words, but all are buying or selling, or carrying, or drinking various disastrous liquids of alluring colors, whose basis is river water; and in the interstices of the bewildering day are countless children, and an army of cowardly, slinking, and utterly miserable dogs. The insatiable love of gambling is evidenced by the many large rooms devoted exclusively to its uses, and patronized extensively by Chinese, who surround a huge straw mat, their piles of coin or shells before them, and risk their all upon the turn of a colored figure, or something equally simple. The pretty, roughly spherical Siamese silver *tical* is largely used, while the modern flat coins are bent and curved so that the manager of the group can more easily pull them in from the centre with his toothless rake. It is rare to receive, unbent, change of any value below the *tical*. Another form of gambling is expressed almost every night, when about two o'clock a long-drawn call echoes through the silent streets like the cry of doom, which it certainly is to many: the successful numbers in the day's lottery are being announced to an expectant city.

But away from the sordid dirt, from the sick, dejected, snarling dogs, from the gutters cheerfully lying beneath a coat of green under every native doorstep, away from the buzzing little electric cars, with their loads of still curious and partly terrified natives, and from the canals, empty at low tide, where the houses perch on stilts above the oozy mud, are the wide, well-kept streets and parks about the palace. A different world, yet the same tropical sun shines on smooth lawns and fine shrubbery, on the strange, half-barbarous yet wholly beautiful towers and monuments of the royal temples, their gilded tiles and porcelain pillars glistening like jewels of inestimable value, with a bewildering effect of gorgeous sparkle and splendor. The noble sky-line of curving roofs—two, three, even four double—the soft beauty of the dull green tiles bordered by old gold; or, vice-versa, the flame-like ornaments at the gables—all tell an exquisite architectural story. But even here is alien intrusion; and beside the cloistered rows of golden Buddhas, pillars of porcelain vases, bronze elephants, and the half-human, half-bird figures so distinctively Siamese, may almost invariably be found grinning dragons and impossible griffins carved in China. Despite these excrescences, and even worse ones, in stone images of obsolete Europeans, in the long coats and tall hats of an exaggerated Oriental imagination, the character of the temples and courtyards is not changed, and their dazzling if slightly theatrical beauty never fails to enwrap the beholder in joyful surprise.

Otherwhere than in the palace *wats*, degeneration and the quick finger of weather

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are sadly evident. Tiles are falling, statues are broken and tipped over, porcelain flowers are chipping off down to the primeval plaster, and temple wall-paintings are a blur, from the rubbing of careless crowds. At the palace, however, the cool darkness of interiors is not disturbed by low-born contact, the paintings are still brilliant, reticent Buddhas sit undefaced in majestic silence before the silent visitor, and rows of golden bells along the eaves yet tinkle in melodious iteration with every passing breeze.

In the royal library the sleep of centuries seemed to be disturbed when the ancient curators, dozing on their floor-mats, sat up and hastily clothed themselves at the unwonted presence of a guest in those scholarly but soporific shades. They did not offer to show any of the beautiful old MS. books, but looked apathetically on at our interested survey of what little could be discovered in the twilight interior gloom. The King is still away, not having returned yet from his health trip to Java, so that an air of quiet, normal in the library, but unwonted in the courtyards, pervaded the royal precincts. Occasionally a pretty little princess, slender limbed and graceful, would pass from one room to another with her women, but all was very silent. Even the royal elephants stood subdued upon their pedestals, except one which impatiently beat continually upon his own forehead with his trunk, producing a peculiarly hollow reverberation, unpleasantly suggestive of emptiness within. Except for their albino eyes and a bleached effect about their ears, no one could describe these animals as white. Their color is disappointingly commonplace.

If the klongs are picturesque, no less so, but in very different ways, are the multitudinous wats, beautiful in their mournful decadence. The "golden mountain" is an artificial height, built up with rocks and masonry and bricks, abounding in grottoes where gilded Buddhas gleam faintly in semi-darkness; its terraces are overhung by vines, and hundreds of low, easily ascending steps conduct one comfortably to the summit shrine. The city spread out below seems shrouded in foliage, through which here and there emerges a graceful prachadee, or the lovely curve of a temple-roof, its tiles of green as soft and shadowy as the trees themselves. Occasionally, too, a "flame of the forest" splashes its vivid scarlet into the scene; and so beautiful are these high cloisters whence one can survey the kingdom, that even the shrine within and the lovely bells are not secondary. Wat Chang, its towers conspicuous from the river, its gray courtyards accented by the yellow robes of priests, is worthy of many visits; and Wat Poh, with the great recumbent Buddha, offers endless study of the genius of the past. The Buddha, one hundred and forty feet long, is still imposing, despite mutilation. The temple entrance is kept by a surly old woman, who reluctantly opens half a small doorway, through which one squeezes into—utter darkness. An attendant, usually a Bengalese, follows, and throws back a single shutter, whereupon the enormous heels of deity become visible, far overhead. The soles of the feet are delicately inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and on safely rounding this Cape of Exploration, the whole length of the huge reclining figure stretches away in dim perspective, the foreshortening enhanced by darkness, until all is swallowed up invisibly at the waist. But the attendant does not plan to be wholly miserly. A farther glimpse is allowed. Opening one shutter at a time, light is let through in sections. The left hand and arm, resting on the hip, emerge. Disppearing in darkness as the window is closed, the chest is revealed by another opening, then the right elbow, supporting the cheek, and at last the head itself. Though the whole interior is covered with dust, the roof broken through to the sky in half a dozen places, and the gold dropping off the Buddha in huge flakes, he is still impressive to a remarkable degree.

Many old customs are now obsolete, many modern ways are introduced, but the arranging of flowers, a national art quite different from the Japanese, is still practised. Actual fabrics of blossoms and buds are ingeniously woven and looped into a hundred lovely uses. The famous fighting fishes still pursue their mimic battles in bottles, turning from black to scarlet and green as the fray continues. But elephants do not play as conspicuous a part in Siamese life as the credulous have been led to suppose, and twins are not mentioned, though I did see a photograph of the famous pair in the Museum. The ancient fashion of throwing bodies of criminals to the vultures is now only history. Cremations of royal personages take place at intervals, gorgeous functions well worth a long journey to witness; for when a death occurs, the noble bones are often preserved for years in gilded shrines until several can share in the honor of the great ceremony. MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

FOUCHÉ.—III.

PARIS, July 28, 1901.

Fouché's political career, when once he became Minister of Police, was so completely mixed up with the career of Napoleon that to write his history completely is really to write the history of the Empire. His policy all along was, I repeat, one of equilibrium between the Royalists and the revolutionists. This policy often dictated to him acts of the greatest severity, one may say of cruelty; it allowed him at the same time to make friends in both camps, and to secure by acts of leniency the gratitude and the services of families of the Faubourg St.-Germain, as well as of the former Terrorists. Fouché always felt that the edifice of the Empire had no other foundation than the military genius of the Emperor, and that an unsuccessful campaign might ruin it. The Spanish war first shook his confidence in Napoleon, and it was the occasion of a reconciliation between him and Talleyrand, and of an alliance made in view of the death of Napoleon. Napoleon was alarmed by this reconciliation; he had, on his return from Spain, a great scene with the Prince of Benevento before the whole court. He began by alluding to those who sell the bear's skin before having killed him, and then, turning right on Talleyrand, insulted him in the most violent manner, reminding him that he was an apostate bishop, that he had counselled Napoleon to execute the Duke d'Enghien, and had urged him into this Spanish war which he was now exploiting against him. Allusions to Talleyrand's improbity were not withheld. He then retired, leaving all the members of the Government terrified. It was then that Talleyrand uttered quietly and with a smile the famous words: "What a pity that so great a man should be so ill-bred." The day after, Talleyrand learned that he had ceased to be High Chamberlain. Fouché had not himself been addressed by the Emperor; but he knew what to think when Napoleon, looking at him at the same time as at Talleyrand, said: "Beware! If there is a new revolution, whatever part you may have taken in it, you will be among the first whom it will crush."

The year 1809 was a critical period for Fouché as well as for Napoleon. When the Emperor left Paris for the campaign of 1809, he could not but see that France was uneasy; the fierce resistance of Spain, the ill-will of Austria, the active hatred of England, were a source of great anxiety. Napoleon had lost all confidence in Fouché, and ordered him to send him daily bulletins during the whole campaign. These he controlled by the reports of his private correspondents. The defeat which the Imperial arms sustained at Essling was fortunately followed by the victory at Wagram. This victory put Napoleon in good humor, and on the 15th of August Fouché was made Duke of Otranto. Fouché took it upon himself to make a levy of the national guard, notwithstanding the opposition of his colleagues. Napoleon sided with Fouché on this question, but he soon changed his mind, as the nominations which Fouché made in the guard did not all meet with his approval. He was warned also against the close relations established between Fouché and Bernadotte, who was hostile to him and who affected to be almost independent of him. Bernadotte was replaced by Bessières and the national guard was dissolved. When the Emperor returned from the war, he summoned Fouché to Fontainebleau and had an angry conversation with him without witnesses. We only know what Ségur tells in his Memoirs, of having seen the Duke of Otranto leave the room in a state of great agitation. He took a long walk with Fouché in the forest of Fontainebleau.

"There, in a long and terrified monologue, the Minister, as if he were answering the reproaches of the Emperor, reviewed before Ségur, who was stupefied, his terrible existence, trying to justify all his adhesion to the Revolution of '89, to the Republic in '92, his vote of January, '93, his odious mission of the year II., recalling the part which he had taken in the ninth Thermidor, in the ruin of the Jacobins under the Directory, in the *coup d'état* of Brumaire and the establishment of the Empire—all in such a vehement tone that his confidant concluded that the Minister must have been, in the Emperor's room, paralyzed by too cruel recriminations."

Everybody believed that Fouché was going to fall into complete disgrace; but there were too many ties between him and the Emperor. Not to speak of the old ties, there were new questions which made Fouché's services necessary. There was the clerical question, which had become very acute, as Napoleon was in open warfare with Rome. There was also the question of Napoleon's divorce. Though Fouché had been on the most intimate terms with Josephine and had helped her in many ways in the days of the Directory and of the Consulate, he had been the first openly to favor the idea of the divorce; whether he did so spontaneously or to obey the Emperor it is difficult to say. Napoleon several times affected to be angry with him for his interference in this delicate matter. Fouché probably knew that these outbursts of anger were not very sincere; he maintained that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it was necessary for the permanence of the Empire that Napoleon should have an heir, and it had become certain that Josephine could have no children. The choice of the new Empress was a political question. There were only two possible candidates—a Russian or an Austrian princess. Fouché was in favor of a Russian alliance, and spoke with great power against the Austrian, which, in his opinion, could only be the signal of a reaction against the principles of the Revolution. His opinion did not triumph, and on the 7th of February, 1810, Napoleon announced to his Council that he had chosen for wife Maria Louise of Austria. The marriage took place on the 7th of April. The niece of Marie Antoinette and of Louis XVI. was on the French throne. Fouché was not frightened by the satisfaction with which the Austrian marriage had been received in the Faubourg St.-Germain. The Empress Marie Louise played her first game of whist at the Tuileries with two regicides, Cambacérès and Fouché. Metternich treated Fouché with much consideration in his correspondence. The Emperor Francis, in his parting instructions to Marie Louise, told her to consult often M. Fouché "as being a useful man."

"It is difficult," says M. Madelin, "to imagine the degree of infatuation to which the Duke of Otranto had attained in May, 1810." The end of his favor was, however, approaching. He undertook to move alone in a sphere which Napoleon had reserved to himself. He desired to reconcile Napoleon with England, and sent an unofficial envoy, Fagan, to Lord Wellesley. This first mission failed. The army contractor Ouvrard and a merchant called Labouchère were new instruments chosen by him. Napoleon had some knowledge of this second mission, but Fouché had the audacity to substitute instructions of his own for those of his sovereign. There were some clandestine meetings of Lord Wellesley and of Labouchère. The Emperor, hearing of them, was greatly displeased; he had an angry scene with Fouché on the 2d of June, and the next day announced to the Council the dismissal of the Minister of Police. Fouché was appointed Governor of the Roman States, which was equivalent to his exile. Before leaving the ministry, he burnt an enormous quantity of papers, and the Emperor, becoming uneasy at his presence in Paris, ordered him to go to his country house at Ferrières. Documents concerning the mission given to Fagan were discovered after his departure. The Emperor claimed papers which Fouché had appropriated; Fouché refused to send them back, and when they were claimed five times unsuccessfully, Napoleon became exasperated, and definitely condemned Fouché to exile.

The Duke of Otranto took flight to Italy. He remained for a while in Florence, then came back to France, and received orders to remain in Aix. For a time he sank into oblivion, so much so that he was allowed to go back to Ferrières, where he lived in complete retirement. He pretended to have renounced all ambition; the Emperor thought it more prudent to give him some occupation than to let him stay near Paris. He employed him in various secondary missions, and finally intrusted him with the Governorship of the Illyrian provinces. Fouché showed in this post his qualities as an administrator, but the Austrian invasion of Illyria forced him to abandon Trieste and to take refuge in Venice.

M. Madelin has thrown much light on Fouché's doings in Italy, on his relations with King Murat, who sometimes was tempted to help Napoleon in his struggle against the coalition, and sometimes to betray him. Napoleon's admirable campaign in France in 1814 could not save the Empire. Fouché saw the end coming, and returned to France in great haste. Paris capitulated on the 31st of March, and the Senate proclaimed Louis XVIII. King. Fouché took his place in the Senate, entered into communication with M. de Vitrolles, the agent of the Bourbons, and sent memoirs to the King and to the Tsar. He was prepared to take advantage of events, whatever they might be. He kept in touch with Talleyrand during the Congress of Vienna; he was only half contented with the Bourbons. During the critical days which followed the landing of Napoleon at Golfe-Jouan, Fouché tried to impose himself on Louis XVIII. as a saviour. The ministry was offered him one day; the Count d'Artois asked for an interview with him, but the triumphal march of Napoleon towards Paris made Fouché hesitate. He refused to accept the ministry, and the order was given to arrest him. He succeeded in escaping over his garden-wall and in hiding himself, and when Napoleon came to the Tuileries, Fouché was among those who received him.

The latter part of M. Madelin's voluminous work is filled with the dramatic events which followed. We see in it Fouché serving and betraying Napoleon at the same time, forcing himself on the Bourbons, becoming for a moment *persona grata* with the Count d'Artois, entering the ministry formed by Louis XVIII., and soon afterwards obliged to leave it and condemned to exile as a regicide. This time his exile was final. His intrigues ceased to have any importance. He died at Trieste on the 26th of December, 1820, almost forgotten. M. Madelin says of him that he will remain in history as a mere intriguer, but an "intriguer of genius, the model of the politicians of the century which was to follow."

Correspondence.

TAXING OUR OWN TONGUE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have repeatedly called attention to the fact that our Custom-house authorities, in their zeal to protect domestic industry, seem to look upon any attempt to buy any object abroad as some sort of high treason. The following experience which it was my privilege to undergo, may serve as a good illustration. A few days ago I received the 'Gedenkbuch zur Erinnerung an David Kaufmann,' a volume published in memory of the late Jewish scholar who died in Karlsbad July 6, 1899. This volume consists of contributions by various scholars, and comprises 882 pages, written mostly in German, and containing—besides contributions in French, Hebrew, Arabic—twelve pages in English. For my temerity in buying a book of 882 pages of which twelve are in English and had been printed in a foreign country, thus depriving the American workingman of a change to earn a livelihood, and attempting to reduce him to the level of European slave labor, I was ordered to pay $1.25 as duty on a book the whole cost of which, including the 870 pages printed in foreign languages, is about $5. It may be well for everybody who insists on reading books printed in foreign countries to profit by this experience. Any one importing Oncken's 'Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen' might be charged duty on the whole work because the part dealing with the history of America contains a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence. So duty might be charged on Hauck's theological Encyclopædia, because in the article "Quakers" are found abstracts from George Fox's diary. Finally, there is no reason why the works of Lessing should be admitted free of duty unless the title of his tragedy "Miss Sara Sampson" be changed to "Fräulein Sara Simson."

These suggestions are furnished to the Government as the free gift of a patriotic citizen.—Respectfully yours,

G. Deutsch.

Cincinnati, O., August 3, 1901.

HARE'S AMERICAN STORIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Returning from some weeks' absence, I find in a recent number of the *Nation* an allusion to the absurd American stories which Augustus Hare has crowded into the last volume of the 'Story of My Life.' Will you allow me to say to your readers that I think we must trace those absurdities to a well-known American sculptress famous from early youth for her love of practical jokes? A careful reading will show that it was to her that Mr. Hare was indebted for the "good stories" which she had spoiled for his amusement. The Rev. Silas may be forgiven to an elderly man growing deaf, but the words attributed to the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and the story concerning Fanny Kemble Butler, carry their own refutation. Phillips Brooks never had any temptation to knock anybody down. Mrs. Butler's most intimate friends, when she first came to Boston, were the Sedgwicks of Stockbridge. They were also very dear friends of the Bartols, and though she knew how to be rude on fit occasion, she was loyal in friendship, and would never have been insolent to people beloved by her best friends.

In his first volumes Mr. Hare, who seems never to have read an American newspaper, told some absurd stories about Jefferson Davis. Of those volumes, I purchased the American reprint, and was much astonished one day when a gentleman quoted them as a proof that he was only an idle gossip. I insisted that there were no such things in the book. He brought me the English edition and showed me the passages. On comparing the two, we discovered that Dodd, Mead & Co. had kindly omitted the mistaken statements.

Of the last two volumes, I have only the English edition, but I earnestly hope that they have exercised the same care in regard to the statements due to his Italian intercourse with a woman who evidently wished to rebuke what she considered conceit and idle curiosity.

Caroline H. Dall.

Leicester, Mass., August 1, 1901.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIRST AMERICAN SURGEON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps it is as well that Dr. Packard, in his 'History of Medicine in the United States,' did not say that the surgeon's name was John Pratt, as is regretted in the *Nation* for July 25, p. 77. In the *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register* for January, 1864, I think I proved, so far as proof is possible, that this first surgeon was Abraham Pratt.—Yours truly,

WM. S. APPLETON.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS., July 30, 1901.

[Mr. Appleton is evidently correct in supposing that it was Abraham Pratt who was drowned off Cadiz. John Pratt sailed in the *Lion's Whelp* May 11, 1629, but went back on the return voyage of that ship. Whether that Pratt returned is not known. There was a John Pratt in Cambridge in 1635, who later went to Connecticut; and, following Savage's notes to Winthrop, we confounded him with the shipwrecked Abraham.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Provision for juvenile readers is making by Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, with 'Folly in Fairy-land,' by Carolyn Wells, 'Galopoff, the Talking Pony,' by Tudor Jenks; and 'Sea Kings and Naval Heroes,' by Hartwell James—among others.

Archibald Constable & Co. will publish in London in October, and G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York, 'The Death of the Gods,' an historical romance by a new Russian writer, Dimitri Mereikovski.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish immediately 'Imperial London,' by Arthur H. Beavan, a beautifully illustrated quarto, and 'Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks,' by Francis Gribble.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, whose publishing department will hereafter be under the management of Mr. F. G. Browne, hitherto business manager of the *Dial*, announce 'Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern,' a ready reference-book, by Miss Rosa Belle Holt, with illustrations, in quarto.

A dreary and inglorious period in our history is described by Mr. Edwin C. Woolley under the title 'The Reconstruction of Georgia' (Columbia University Press, Macmillan). The greater part of the essay is taken up with an account of the various policies of reconstruction, and little attention is paid to the actual doings of the carpet-baggers. The legal and constitutional features of these policies are clearly set forth, but the particulars are devoid of present interest. Yet we may see like tangles in the Philippine Islands.

Far more elaborate is Mr. James Wilford Garner's 'Reconstruction in Mississippi' (Macmillan). The author begins with the period before the civil war, traces the growth of the secession movement, and describes at length the destruction and misery caused by the war. By the census of 1860 there were 70,295 white males in the State between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, while the enlistments in the Confederate army were 78,000, over one-fourth of those who enlisted perishing. The destruction of property was almost complete, and the barbarous cotton tax imposed by Congress in revenge for disloyal rebullitions made recovery impossible. Nowhere did the institution of slavery have more disastrous consequences, for whites as well as blacks. The attempt to establish the freedmen as rulers over their former masters had such success as might have been foreseen. The dismal story is told impartially by Mr. Garner, and it is idle to attempt to apportion blame.

Little good has come from the South African war, but Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who served as correspondent of *Black and White*, has done his best to bring out what good was to be observed. Under the title 'War Impressions: Being a Record in Colour' (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan), he presents us with more than two hundred sketches, many of which are very beautiful. The coloring of the mountains, the veldt, and the sky is frequently superb, and makes one feel that the country is worth fighting for. The text, by Dorothy Menpes, is pleasant reading, and is without the brutal tone of much English writing on the subject. Mr. Menpes speaks highly of both the Boers and the English soldiers, and disbelieves the stories of misconduct on either side. But, as he tells us, he shut his eyes to wounds and horrors, looking as an artist only for the picturesque and the beautiful. This, perhaps, explains the positively servile adulation with which he describes persons of high position. It would be unfair to dismiss this attractive book without calling attention to the admirable work of Messrs. Carl Hentschel of London, in reproducing and printing the illustrations.

A new edition of Mr. D. H. Montgomery's 'Leading Facts of English History' (Ginn & Co.) puts forward for its frontispiece a portrait of Edward VII., and is in other respects brought to within a few months or weeks of publication. This is a book which omits no means of catching the school-boy's attention, even to the quotation of lines from an overworked song like "The Lights of London." On the whole, its anecdotes and selections from the poets are not badly chosen, though some of them strike the jaded reader of manuals as being very, very old. Mr. Montgomery has not, apparently, kept pace with the most recent writers on English constitutional history, and we can say little in praise of the illustrations. Otherwise there are grounds of favorable criticism. The author has a personal acquaintance with English scenes and English life, he has read a good many standard works, and what he says is marked by a wholesome tone. The passages devoted to the state of society and commerce give the narrative a pleasant diversity, and the footnotes frequently contain bits of amusing information. Best of all, Mr. Montgomery enjoys his work, and succeeds in imbuing his pages with a feeling of his fondness for historical study.

'The Chevalier de St. George and the Jacobite Movements in his Favour' (David Nutt) is a volume in the series entitled "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers." Its editor, Mr. Charles Sanford Terry, produced last year a similar book of selections for the time of Charles Edward, which he called 'The Rising of 1745.' He now goes back to the War of the Spanish Succession, and takes up the plots fomented by Louis XIV. with the ostensible object of restoring the Stuarts, though mainly with a view to weakening England. The earlier and later risings alike furnished good material for the writer of memoirs, and Mr. Terry, by drawing upon Lockhart, Forbin, Melfort, and Sinclair, is able to give a capital account of Jacobite intrigue during the earlier phases of its history. Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, is a prominent figure in the days of the '15 as of the '45, and his presence infuses a good deal of color throughout Mr. Terry's collection of excerpts. The dates of the volume are 1701-1720, a range which includes, besides the Scots plot of 1703 and the French descent of 1708, the Swedish plot and the attempt of 1719. 1715 was the central year in the political life of "James III.," and it receives much of the editor's attention here, but many readers will find more that is new to them in Mr. Terry's chapters on 1703, 1708, and 1719. The notes are copious, and the illustrations have been chosen with great judgment. Bearing in mind its moderate cost, the book may be called very good value.

We are glad to notice the appearance in a second edition of the first volume of Dr. Rodkinson's translation of the Babylonian Talmud. This volume contains the tract Sabbath, and appeared in its first edition in 1896. Dr. Rodkinson seems somewhat surprised that a new edition has not been called for until now. He might consider how few translations of any portion of the Talmud have ever been reprinted. The curious will find in the 182 pages of this volume what are the consequences of taking the Sabbath seriously.

Whoever Mirza Mem'n of the unintelligible name may be, his "Rubaiyât" (Chicago: W. O. Shepard Co.) are very flat imitations of Omar's, flatter even and more un-Persian than those of Richard Le Gallienne. Thirty-seven out of the 131, we are told in a note, are "paraphrased from McCarthy's elegant prose translation" of Omar. We learn from the same note that this Mirza does not know what a Ghazal is. The chief pity about the book is that so much of the art and skill of the printer has been wasted on it.

If Dr. Archibald Macmechan would learn the difference between sentiment and sentimentality, he might do much better than he has done in his 'Porter of Bagdad, and Other Fantasies' (Toronto: George N. Morang). Several of these little sketches are full of grace and suggestion, pretty flutterings round an idea. But they are also full of laborious disappointments where the flutterings are heavy and the idea trivial.

That useful compendium, the "Histoire Générale du IVe siècle, à nos jours," edited by MM. Lavisse and Rambaud, reaches its end in the twelfth volume, 'Le Monde Contemporain, 1870-1900' (Paris: Armand Colin); the eleventh, 'Révolutions et Guerres Nationales, 1848-1870,' having appeared in 1898. The writers are in the main the same as in the earlier portions of the work, and these volumes show the same judicious apportionment of space and the same unimpassioned narrative. It is the fate of an historical record thus conceived to fail in interest as it approaches the present day, when we think ourselves familiar with events, and value only the comparison of opinion upon them. The closing volume is, however, by no means without interest, although we cannot think the Dreyfus case is adequately treated in a paragraph of nine lines on the attitude of the Brisson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ministry towards revision; nor do we find the spice we look for in the account of our own Spanish war and our "insular" policies. Of the latter M. Moireau writes hopefully: "L'histoire des États-Unis n'a pas appris que les Américains fussent incapables de s'accommoder à des situations inaccoutumées. Race essentiellement habile à tirer parti de toutes les circonstances, à saisir le côté pratique des choses, à s'instruire par une expérience rapide, ils se tireront d'affaire avec les Philippines comme avec le reste; les difficultés d'administration coloniale ne les trouvent pas à court de solutions."

In the thirty-seventh volume of the 'Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft' (Berlin) the editors continue their commendable custom of including an Elizabethan play hitherto inaccessible in modern form. The piece selected for reprint this year is the anonymous "Warres of Cyrus," 1594, a drama of respectable quality of the school of Marlowe, the story being drawn from Xenophon's 'Cyropedia,' the whole now competently edited by Dr. Wolfgang Keller. Other matters of interest in the volume are the essay by Ernest von Possart on the staging of Shaksperian and similar dramas, by Walter Bormann on Shakspere's Scenical Technique and Dramatic Art, and especially the communication from Richard Garnett on "A Stratford Tradition respecting Shakespeare," pleading for the just authority of early tradition in unsettled questions of literary history, and building up an ingenious argument for a later dating (after 1607) of "Othello" and "Macbeth" from the Ward tradition "that Shakespeare, when living at New Place, regularly supplied the London stage with two plays a year." The usual book-notices in its field and valuable Shakspere Bibliography conclude the volume. The activity of American scholars receives due notice, some fifteen or sixteen American items being recorded in a list of about sixty noticed.

It appears from the semi-annual statement just issued by Mr. Solberg, Register of Copyrights, that his office has made a gross profit for the Government in four years of $82,287, and a net profit of some $60,000. The business of the past half-year amounted to 46,526 applications acted upon and titles filed and numbered, besides other very extensive labors.

The Quarterly Statement for July of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains a just tribute to the late Sir Walter Besant, for many years its Secretary, to whose tact and knowledge, together with that of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, it is due "that almost every book published by the Fund has been a commercial success." There are reports by Mr. Macalister, and some archæological notes by Prof. Clermont-Ganneau, chiefly upon the mosaic map of Palestine found at Mâdeba, in the land of Moab, near Mt. Nebo. This fact leads to the interesting suggestion that the geographical picture in question is intended to be a memorial of the scene which took place on Nebo's summit when Moses, about to die, was permitted to see in one supreme vision the Promised Land which he himself was not allowed to enter. Mr. Baldensperger concludes his account, interspersed with legend and incident, of Woman in Palestine, describing the life of the Bedawîn, gypsy and Egyptian, the latter being descendants of the colonists transplanted to Palestine by Mohammed Ali during his occupation of the land sixty years ago. The traditional site of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre is defended by Canon MacColl, with much warmth, against the claims of the so-called "Gordon's tomb." Dr. Schick reports that it is proposed, if feasible, to construct an aqueduct from the Euphrates across the Syrian desert to Medina and Mecca.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for July contains a brief sketch of the comparatively recent history of China, with special reference to the relations of this country with her, by Mr. John Barrett. At the close we find the extraordinary statement "that the Chinese, if necessary, are a warlike people. They are born warriors." That they will fight if compelled to is no doubt true, but their real attitude towards war is shown by the fact that they place the warrior in the lowest class into which mankind is divided. Mr. T. Williams treats of the "link relations of southwestern Asia," illustrating his subject by several relief maps and charts.

It has long been known to art students that Albert Dürer painted a St. Jerome during his sojourn at Antwerp, in 1521, but what became of the picture remained a mystery until quite recently, when it was discovered in the museum at Lisbon, by Prof. Dr. A. Weber. The *Monatsberichte für Kunstwissenschaft, etc.* (Heft 8) contains an article on the subject by Professor Weber, accompanied by fine reproductions of the painting and of some of the master's studies for it. Among the latter is one of Dürer's best and most famous drawings, the "Head of an Old Man," in the Albertina at Vienna.

The cause of scientific exploration has suffered a severe blow in the death by dysentery of one of its leaders, Mr. William Doherty, in the railway hospital at Nairobe, British East Africa, May 25. Mr. Doherty was a native of Cincinnati. After graduating from the Woodward High School and studying one year in the University, he went to the Paris Exposition of 1878. The following winter he was in Greece. In 1879 he travelled through Persia and Afghanistan into British India. This country became practically his home for the rest of his life. He explored every part of it, including Southern Tibet and Burmah; also the great Eastern Archipelago. He made two trips to New Guinea. Mr. Doherty's specialty was the discovering and classifying of new species of butterflies and moths, in which he was *facile princeps*. Of late he had also collected many rare species of birds. Most of his collections are in the Rothschild Zoölogical Museum at Tring, Herts, England, some in the British Museum, and in France, Belgium, and Germany. Very few have found their way to this country.

—*Scribner's* for August is offered to the reader as a "fiction number"; the best thing in it, however, is not fiction at all, but an excellent sketch of a Samoan boy, adopted by the writer, Isobel Strong ("A Little Savage Gentleman"). The boy was a chief's son and was taken into the Stevenson household at Vailima by his adoptive mother. The title of the article is well chosen, for "chief" among the Samoans corresponds in a curious way with our "gentleman"—that is, it brings before the mind a certain Samoan ideal of breeding and behavior which corresponds to a remarkable degree with our own. Indeed, the delicacy of this Samoan boy and his consideration for the feelings of others far exceeded that of the average *gentilis homo* in the Western world. The leading story in the number is "A Derelict," by Richard Harding Davis. It would be a bold man who should criticise Mr. Davis frankly: the violence of his style arouses physical alarm in the humble critic's mind. At the same time, we take the liberty of observing that manner may, as has proved the case with other greater lights of fiction, as well as of verse, outlast matter; and the effect of this possibility upon the writer is to lead him to exaggerate his manner more and more until it becomes unbearable, when his public finally deserts him. A great object of the school to which Mr. Davis belongs is to make blackguards and outcasts interesting, as in this story. But these blackguards and outcasts of his are not convincing.

—*Harper's* is also a "fiction number," but contains a good deal besides. "A Hundred Years' War of To-day," by Ralph D. Blumenfeld, deals with the operations of the Dutch in Achin. According to this writer, the whole of the Achinese coast is now held by Holland, but the interior is unsubdued, and every year a certain number of Dutch soldiers are sent out to recruit the eastern army, which is a force of some 40,000 men. "At least half this army might be safely disbanded, were it not for the constant struggle in Achin." We have heard so much of the complete success of the Dutch colonial system that it is worth remembering that this war has, up to date, cost $85,000,000—a burden which is really borne by Java, as that island yields enough to pay for the Achinese war in perpetuity, and leave a handsome surplus. The Achinese live in a little country, about two-thirds the size of the State of Maine, and number some half a million souls. They have kept up the present war for twenty-eight years, obstinately preferring death to subjugation. They are Mohammedans, and are encouraged to die for their country by their Moslem priests. The soldiers sent out from Holland, it is said, all die in Achin, but this does not matter, as they are mercenaries. Julian Ralph has an article on "The English of the English," which is readable, though inaccurate. Thirty years ago such a paper would have provoked much discussion; now the problems suggested by the divergence between the English of England and that of the United States arouse but a languid popular interest. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the fact that the whole field has been pretty well gone over already, and partly to the fact that correctness of speech no longer counts for much socially among the wealthy and powerful. Mr. Ralph's point is that a very large number of ordinary words designating the commonest things in every-day use are so totally different in the two countries that the English terms have no meaning in American ears, and vice versa. But some of the instances given need revision. We have never, for example, seen the "conductor" of an English train. One of the phrases heard every day here, which is absolutely unintelligible to most Englishmen, is "right away" for directly; and to us "spatchcock" seems a strange term for broiled chicken.

—Henry Austin Clapp begins in the *Atlantic* a series of "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic." Mr. Clapp for many years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus served the Boston *Advertiser* as far back as the days when the editor of that paper was the late Professor Dunbar. Among other changes that he notes is the disappearance of the old farces, of negro minstrelsy, and of plays for children. What do any of the children of to-day know, he asks, "of the wild joys which thrilled our little breasts when 'The Enchanted Horse,' 'The Enchanted Beauty,' 'The Forty Thieves,' 'The Children of Cyprus,' and 'Aladdin' possessed the fairyland of the stage?" Again, a generation is now growing up which will not know "Box and Cox" or "Poor Pillicoddy," and will never have heard the delightful indigenous humor of the End Man and the touching voices of his melodious and corked associates. Of course, we shall be told that we have far finer things now, but this is no answer to a theatre-goer, who is, by the very law of his being, a *laudator temporis acti*. If Mr. Clapp were to have undertaken to prove that the theatre of to-day is every bit as good as it ever was, we should have had our suspicions of him; but he is true to his rôle. The period here gone over is that which has witnessed the rise and progress of the "variety show" and its final extraordinary apotheosis in "refined vaudeville"—perhaps as absurd a work of theatrical fashion as any which the boards have seen; for, as Mr. Clapp points out, what is now called vaudeville is nothing but the once despised "variety," grown fashionable, and, we may add, ameliorated. Why this form of exhibition should have so extended itself as to seem at times to threaten to drive out the legitimate drama, would require an essay by itself. We doubt if "continuous vaudeville" would have been imaginable to the theatre-goer, or even to the manager, of fifty years ago. It needs a potential audience to draw upon enormously greater than any that existed at that time, and this audience, too, must be of a different sort: must be averse to having its attention strained by a long effort, must be rather volatile and frivolous. Still, there are all sorts of audiences in the modern metropolis, and there seems to be still a good demand for Shakspere, even for Shakspere as acted by Irving, which is certainly a great strain on the attention. Mr. Clapp notices the persistent vitality of the Robertsonian drama, and insists that a nation which is producing no readable dramatic literature is producing no dramas of any lasting importance.

—The New York Public Library gives in its Bulletin for July a list of its manuscript collections, of which it has printed examples from time to time. Rich as were known to be its stores in this line, the list more than fulfils expectation. Perhaps the Emmet collection should take precedence for its interest in historical and autographic material, and certainly stands first as the life-labor of an enthusiastic and intelligent collector. But the Bancroft papers deserve to be mentioned in the same range, in spite of the fact that so many are in the form of transcripts. Too little attention is paid in this country to the value of such collections as Sparks and Bancroft made, containing copies of much that has since been lost, and series of documents long since scattered. The papers of Samuel Adams in the Bancroft collection are sufficient to show that much original matter is to be found in it. Supplementary to the Bancroft may be placed the Chalmers papers, relating as they do to the history of the British colonies in America, while the collection of Theodorus Bailey Myers enables the New York Public Library to say that it holds four complete sets of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence —three of these belonging to the Emmet series. Covering a later period may be named the Washington letters and the Gouverneur, Madison, and Monroe papers, and the huge Ford collection, which has not yet been fully arranged, though known to be of considerable historical value. We have yet to mention the Rich papers, relating to early American history—and one of Mr. Lenox's own acquisitions—and the Hardwicke manuscripts, chiefly on European history. Nor is the curious entirely absent, for the Burns and other Scottish forgeries are included and frankly acknowledged to be the product of clever rascality. It would be a great assistance to students of history if other libraries would issue similar lists, for the wealth of unpublished manuscript material scattered in our large depositories is greater than has been believed.

—Mr. Maclay has not profited by the kindly suggestions we made in our review of the earlier volumes of his 'History of the Navy,' now issued in three volumes by D. Appleton & Co. He has clung to his habitual methods, which betoken the credulous annalist rather than the sober historian. The third volume fairly bristles with faults of the same kind which we noted in its predecessors, particularly lack of the critical faculty and lack of perspective. We are tempted to imagine that those of Mr. Maclay's correspondents who responded most fully to his requests for information secured the most pages in his work. On no other ground can we account for the absence of all reference to Commander (now Captain) Wadleigh's plucky service in 1883, when, in the *Alliance*, a frail and unsuitable craft, he penetrated far into the Arctic Ocean in search of news of DeLong; for total silence as to deep-sea sounding, such as Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Belknap's in the *Tuscarora*, and as to the seal-herd patrol in Bering Sea on the one hand, or, on the other, for the exaggerated allotment of space to the *Maine* episode. The reason why the confessedly gallant rescue of Greely is ignored lies, doubtless, in the author's opinion of the leader of that expedition, as manifested in a bitter denunciation of Schley's conduct in the war with Spain. This matter is one in which honest men find room to differ concerning the awful charge of cowardice, even if agreed in condemning Schley's waste of golden opportunities. Happily, the whole affair is soon to be judicially determined. Let us hope that the ghost of a sickening controversy will then be laid for all time.

—Besides the omissions mentioned, a multitude of others come to mind, any one of which is quite as worthy of chronicling as the uniforms worn by the *Maine's* officers and men as she entered Havana harbor, or as worthy of the full page in fine type devoted to Sigsbee's biography—an honor wholly denied to Sampson, and but half accorded to Dewey and to Clark of the *Oregon*! A real historian would have sought the causes of the survival of naval *esprit de corps* (so splendidly displayed in the Spanish-American war), during the rotting of the old ships, and before the new ones came to be built, and he would have found them in the vigor and pertinacity with which Admiral Porter kept up the drills and inspections of the old-time craft. He would also have thought twice before embarrassing that capital, modest officer, our Admiral, by stating that Dewey "undoubtedly excelled Nelson's victory at Aboukir." The book contains annals interesting and generally trustworthy, but—history? As Kipling says, "That is another story."

—Professor Tyrrell has presented, through the Macmillan Co., an 'Anthology of Latin Poetry.' Like Mr. Stedman's collections of English and American poetry, Professor Tyrrell's volume seeks to be representative of the entire field, illustrating his previous critical estimate of the Latin poets, and not to present simply the best. Nearly seventy authors, known and unknown, are presented, Boëthius closing the list. No two men will ever agree as to what should be included in such a collection, but when we are told that the guiding principle in making selections from Horace has been "a wish to illustrate the great variety of his lyric measures," we naturally feel the omission of several forms in which Horace wrote effectively, even if he used them but little. The one ode in the Greater Sapphic strophe, i. 8, is well worthy a place on its intrinsic merit, and the same may be said of at least two of the three short odes in the Greater Asclepiad. To represent the Lesser Asclepiad, either the dedicatory ode, i. 1, or the epilogue at the end of book iii., might better have been selected than the remaining specimen of this metre, iv. 8. The choice of this last ode has evidently been prompted by a desire to display the emendatory skill of the compiler. The ode as it stands in the manuscripts violates the canon of Meineke that a lyric of Horace must be reducible to four-line stanzas. Thirty-four is not divisible by four, and so three passages, six lines in all, are boldly cut out. The first excision, from the middle of line 15 to the middle of 19, is based on the assertion that the lines are an interpolation "by which some subsequent writer sought to narrow down the generalities of Horace into special applications to Roman history." This is rather dangerous dealing with an author who is noted for his constant habit of making special applications of his general ideas. There are some difficulties in the passage, but they are no more incapable of a fairly satisfactory solution than many unquestioned lines, and should not be excised in deference to a rule which no student of Horace ever discovered until recent times. Line 28 is cut out as "a versified gloss" on the half-line following, and 33 meets the same fate because of its close resemblance to the last line of iii. 25. Students of Horace will not generally follow Professor Tyrrell in such summary dealing with the manuscript readings. As nearly four pages are given up to selections from the poetical remains of Cicero, we take it that the author has not repented of his attempt in his Johns Hopkins lectures on Latin Poetry to establish the merit of Cicero as a poet. The case is hopeless. Quintilian, with all his admiration for Cicero, could not avoid a fervent regret that he had not spared himself criticism in the field of poetry; and Tacitus, in the 'Dialogus,' said the last word, and said it well, when he made one of the interlocutors remark that Cæsar and Brutus had written

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poetry, "not better than Cicero, but with better luck, since fewer were aware that they had done so." But these points are not of vital importance, and the collection as a whole is well adapted to its purpose.

—Parts 6 and 7 of the 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana,' 1847-1899 (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Büchner), are wholly in the letter C, with need of more than six pages for the rubric "Catalogo" itself, and more than four for "Cenno" and "Cenni." "Centenario," too, is prominent. Cicero requires three and a half columns, far surpassing Cæsar and even Catullus, whom the Italians are never tired of trying to turn into the vernacular, while at intervals of twenty years efforts have been made to purge him for school use. Carlo Cattaneo, who is coming to his own again, as our readers were lately informed, fills nearly a column; Carducci takes two and a half; that erratic genius Cavallotti, poet, dramatist, and politician, one and a quarter. Cavour dead has produced many volumes, from his Diary in 1888 to the inedited letters of 1895, following two editions of the ten-volume collection (1863-1871; 1883-1887). He is still a force. Lively is also Benvenuto Cellini. There has been a revival even in the case of Guido Cavalcanti, after a long interval from 1851 to 1881. We observe that St. Charles Borromeo is entered under C, as are Mr. Chauncy Langdon and Richard Chenevix Trench. Our countryman Henry C. Carey, with whose 'Principles of Political Economy' the Italians appear to have been satisfied once for all in 1853, is misspelled "Carrey." There is a cross-reference to Richard Hildreth's 'White Slave [Archy Moore]' under Chateaubriand, whose vogue in Italy is still fair. Cervantes has, from decade to decade since 1851, gained in popularity. Such are some running comments on this valuable repository.

SAINTSBURY'S HISTORY OF CRITICISM.

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe, from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day. By George Saintsbury, M.A., Oxon., Hon. LL.D., Aberd., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. In three volumes. Vol. I. Classical and Mediæval Criticism. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1900.

The general plan of this work is not ill conceived. Each author is introduced by an abstract, for the most part accurate, of so much of his text as, from the nature of the subject, comes under consideration. As epitomizer Mr. Saintsbury has succeeded admirably, and in the epitomes, brief but sufficiently comprehensive, consists the chief value of his History. Scholars as well as the laity may here find all the information they are likely to need in regard to many texts which are rarely read except by editors and proofreaders; while there can be no question that the comparative study of literary criticism, upon which the author lays so just an emphasis, will be greatly facilitated by his mode of procedure. Again, his constant employment of modern, especially English, parallels, of which his wide knowledge of modern literatures furnishes him no lack, affords a pleasing contrast to those arid products of contemporary pedantry which, in so many classical editions and literary histories, keeps its attention concentrated upon the field of the classical specialist. In fact, the classical tradition as a literary motive depends for its permanence upon the illustration of the ancient by means of the modern masterpieces. The spirit of Mr. Saintsbury's book is excellent in this respect. It is evidently his intention to treat the history of letters as an organic whole, and not as a succession of epochs.

So much, then, for the abstracts and general plan. As to his treatment of separate authors and of the historical details, we are obliged to pronounce our opinion, after the most mature consideration we have been able to give, that Mr. Saintsbury is almost uniformly untrustworthy. Nor are we under the necessity of resting our indictment upon a vague generality. He has, in this case, dealt with a period of literature of which he has no special knowledge, and of which the ordinary reading public has no special knowledge, and is therefore the more likely to be deceived. He assures us that he has read all the texts, but he has confessedly neglected the labors of generations of scholars on those texts. "There is no room," he says, "to handle both text and margent, with the margent's margent *ad infinitum*." True, but there is both room and opportunity in a work of this sort to use the results of critical scholarship without overloading the text and without a portentous array of footnotes. We shall have occasion to point out some unfortunate consequences of our author's neglect of the margent and margent's margent.

Mr. Saintsbury's discussion of the literary criticism of Plato, the first important name, is appreciative as far as it goes. The following, especially, seems to us an excellent statement of the rational basis which Plato unquestionably had for moralistic bias in his critical estimates:

"He had probably seen in Athenian life, and he had certainly anticipated in his instinctive command of human nature, the complementary error and curse of 'Art for Art only'—of the doctrine (itself, like his own, partly true, but, like his own also, partly false and mischievous) of the moral irresponsibility of the artist. And, looking first at morals and politics with that almost feverish eagerness of the Greek philosopher, which was in part justified by the subsequent Greek collapse in both, he shot wide of the bow-hand from the purely critical point of aim."

Mr. Saintsbury likewise recognizes that in many places Plato has finely apprehended and nobly expressed the true nature and essence of poetic charm and poetic genius, and he appreciates the value of the literary criticism of Aristophanes. But from neither of these, the first great figures he has to deal with, does he give his readers excerpts or abstracts. To be sure, he apologizes in a footnote for the lack in the case of Plato by alleging as an excuse the extremely desultory nature of that author's judgments of literature. But in any history that pretends to completeness we should have at least a brief résumé and discussion of the relevant portions of the Symposium, Phædrus, Ion, Republic, and Laws of Plato, and of the "Frogs" of Aristophanes. There follows on page 24 a passage that must throw grave doubts on the writer's accuracy as a scholar. With reference to the Greek Comic Fragments he declares: "I do not hesitate to say, after most careful examination of the collections of Meineke and his successors, that there are not more than one or two faint and doubtful approaches to our subject discoverable there." But Mr. W. W. Baker, who has recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard, wrote his dissertation on the subject of literary criticism in the Comic Fragments, and found about a hundred instances of it.

One of the most interesting questions in ancient literary history is the relation between Plato's and Aristotle's literary criticism. Aristotle in writing the 'Poetics' was, in a sense, as original as any author can be. Many of his fundamental principles, however, were borrowed directly from his master. This subject is noticed in a number of the authorities mentioned by Mr. Saintsbury himself, by Egger and Butcher, for example. There is also a thesis by a German scholar, Belger, entitled 'De Aristotele etiam in Arte Poetica componenda Platonis discipulo.' But Mr. Saintsbury's chapter on Aristotle says never a word on this most important relationship. Surely we have here a striking illustration of our author's contempt for the margent and margent's margent. In fact, one of the faultiest parts of the whole work is the chapter on Aristotle; which is especially unfortunate in view of the fact that the 'Poetics' is not only the first but also the greatest document in the history of criticism. On pages 51-2, Mr. Saintsbury sums up what he considers to be the defects in Aristotle's theory of poetry. We cite his exact words: "The importance of Tragedy (as we are enabled to see clearly by the invaluable though rather unfair aid of the historic estimate) is altogether exaggerated." Now we had always thought that one of the most elementary facts in regard to the 'Poetics' was that its text is fragmentary, and that purely by accident the part that deals with Tragedy and Epic—the latter chiefly in relation to the former—is nearly all that has come down to us. "We can see further," continues Mr. Saintsbury, "that the glorious achievements of the three great tragedians . . . induced him [Aristotle], aided no doubt by the Greek taste generally, to exalt Plot, to depress Character, to put quite undue stress on artificial Unity." Aristotle does indeed exalt plot at the expense of character, as was long ago pointed out by Cardinal Newman in his essay 'On Poetry, with reference to Aristotle's Poetics'; and this principle runs counter to the prevailing habit of Greek Tragedy, as the fine and sure insight of that great writer did not fail to observe. "That the charm of Greek Tragedy," says Newman, "does not ordinarily arise from scientific correctness of plot, is true as a matter of fact." This he proceeds to demonstrate by reference to many typical plots of the extant Greek tragedies; almost the sole exception being the plot of the "Oedipus Tyrannus," which Aristotle repeatedly cites in exemplification of his principle.

It is clear, then, that this depreciation of character cannot have been due, as Mr. Saintsbury thinks, to "the glorious achievements of the three great tragedians," for such depreciation is directly at variance with their all but uniform practice; and we confess ourselves unable to see why the "absence of prose fiction," which we find more than once alleged as responsible for Aristotle's failure to grasp the true significance of the fictitious element in literature, had anything at all to do with the matter. Newman was nearer the truth in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assigning the cause to Aristotle's natural taste, which led him "to delight in the explication of systems, and in those connected views following upon his vigorous talent for thinking through large subjects." But we venture to suggest a still more definite explanation. We apprehend that Aristotle's exaltation of plot was chiefly in consequence of his remarkable doctrine of *katharsis;* the doctrine, namely, that Tragedy stimulates artificially the emotions of pity and fear which are natural to human beings, but painful and dangerous if aroused in ordinary experience by pitiful and fearful events; and that the artificial stimulus of Tragedy by means of the poet's art pleasurably exercises them, and purifies or calms them for the time being.

It will be observed that this conception plainly emphasizes the moral effect of Tragedy, for Aristotle rightly held that Tragedy must, from the nature of the case, be maintained on a lofty moral plane; and inasmuch as he so often invokes the "Oedipus Tyrannus" by way of illustration, we may shrewdly conjecture that he was in large measure induced to the formulation of his theory by observing the moral and psychological effect of this play on Greek audiences. In no other extant Greek tragedy is even the reader, to say nothing of the spectator, kept at such a tension of expectation by the subtle unfolding of an intricate plot. Professor Goodwin has assured the present writer that when the "Oedipus Tyrannus" was enacted at Harvard in 1881, the effect on the audience, the major portion of which was dependent on an English translation, was powerful beyond all his experience before or since of theatrical representations; and Mr. Henry Norman, who wrote an account of this performance, says that when the play was over, an involuntary burst of applause, as if it were a thing inappropriate, ceased almost as suddenly as it began. The emotions of the people seemed to be subdued, and they dispersed quietly, thus affording unwitting testimony to the ancient philosopher's profundity of insight.

It was, therefore, an over-valuation of a great psychological truth that led Aristotle to overestimate plot at the expense of other forms of poetic and dramatic excellence; but it can hardly be questioned that a drama composed according to this theory will exercise a stronger influence on a greater number of people than any other kind. Nor in maintaining this need we deny Newman's dictum that the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus and the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, though deficient in skilfulness of plot, are distinguished by a richness and sublimity of which the "Oedipus Tyrannus," in spite of its many beauties, has not even a share.

In his chapter on Longinus (pp. 122-3) the author gives expression to a strange misconception which would appear inexcusable were it not shared by almost every writer on Aristotle's 'Poetics' with whom we are familiar. "He [Longinus] has not lowered the ethical standard one jot," says Mr. Saintsbury, "but he has silently refused to give it precedence to the æsthetic; . . . Aristotle had been forced, equally by his system and his sense, to admit that pleasure was an end, perhaps the end, of art; but he blenches and swerves from the consequences." This implies that Aristotle set up two standards, the æsthetic and the ethical, and that his judgments abode sometimes by the one and sometimes by the other. As a matter of fact, his standard was consistently the æsthetic, and there is no passage in any of his writings which, rightly interpreted, goes to show that he ever abandoned it. He does hold, however, that every variety of literature must produce its οἰκεία ἡδονή, its appropriate pleasure. The ethical requirement in Tragedy is not distinct from, but a part of, the æsthetic requirement. That is to say, unless a tragedy be held on a high moral plane, it does not yield its appropriate pleasure, and is not, æsthetically considered, a good tragedy. It is strange how constantly critics overlook the fact that Aristotle's treatise, as we have it, is concerned almost exclusively with Tragedy. They have always, from the Renaissance down, been prone to understand what was said with reference to this form alone, as if it were applicable to every form of poetic art. Mr. Saintsbury is here guilty of just such a blunder.

In a footnote on the first page of his second book, which deals with Latin criticism, the author mentions with high praise the late Professor Nettleship's 'Essay on Literary Criticism in Latin Antiquity,' but it would almost seem that he had purposely avoided profiting by it. Nettleship, in that admirable treatise, shows how the Roman professional critics, not excepting even Quintilian, slavishly imitated the scholastic criticism of the Greeks, with its three-fold classification of style, canons of classical writers, and other arid technicalities. Mr. Saintsbury's only allusion to this whole subject is merely to the effect that Quintilian may have borrowed from Dionysius of Halicarnassus; whereas, Nettleship makes it certain either that he borrowed from Dionysius or that both used a common source.

Mr. Saintsbury disposes of Cicero's claim to eminence as a critic in a quite characteristic manner. The orator remarks in a letter to his brother (*Ad Quint. Frat. II.*, II): "Lucretii poëmata, ut scribis, ita sunt: multis luminibus ingenii, multæ tamen artis." This is a sufficiently intelligible estimate of Lucretius, and just, as far as it goes. Cicero merely wishes to say that the poetry of Lucretius reveals not only genius, but also artistic workmanship. In other words, it is not true of him, as Ovid said of Ennius, that he was *ingenio maximus, arte rudis.* But Mr. Saintsbury avers that the text as it stands is a contradiction in terms; and triumphantly convinces Cicero of absurdity by reading *non* before *multis.*

Says Mr. Saintsbury of the 'Treatise on the Sublime': "There is absolutely no evidence against the authorship of Longinus, only a set of presumptions." There is good evidence against the authorship of Longinus, of which a conspectus may be found in the Introduction to Prof. Rhys Roberts's excellent edition. The evidence, as Professor Roberts says, is not absolutely conclusive, but inclines strongly in favor of the first century as the date of composition, and against the third century—that is, against the authorship of the historical Longinus. Again, in regard to Horace's 'Ars Poetica,' we read: "Aristotle (whom Horace follows without direct acknowledgment, and by no means slavishly, but still on the whole) had been sufficiently positive," etc. Scholars are now generally agreed that Horace in writing this poem did not draw directly upon either Plato or Aristotle. The universal silence of Roman writers on the 'Poetics' favors the belief that he never read it. He probably did more or less follow the body of Aristotelian tradition.

It is only fair, after so much in the way of dispraise, to direct the attention of our readers to some further laudable features of Mr. Saintsbury's work, in addition to those mentioned above. One need not agree with all his conclusions in order to find much that is stimulating and suggestive in his three Interchapters, which are summaries respectively of Greek, Latin, and Mediæval Criticism. With some points of exception already noticed, we assign to his accounts of Quintilian, and more especially of Longinus, a superior merit. To cite one example: There is in the summary of the treatise 'On the Sublime' an exceedingly interesting discussion of the author's use of the words φαντασίαι and εἰδωλοποιΐαι.

"It is nearly certain," Mr. Saintsbury well observes, "that no ancient writer, and no modern critic before a very recent period, attached our full sense to the term [imagination]. To Aristotle, φαντασία is merely αἴσθησις ἀσθενής, a 'weakened sensation,' a copy furnished by memory from sensation itself. . . . Of the imagination which is in our minds when we call Shelley an imaginative poet, and Pope not one, . . . there does not seem to have been a trace even in the enthusiastic mind of Longinus, though he expressly includes enthusiasm—nay, passion—in his notion of it."

We are somewhat surprised, however, that Mr. Saintsbury, the historian of English literature, did not in this connection mention Wordsworth as author of the modern discrimination between Fancy—which is more or less φαντασία—and Imagination, a discrimination which, subtly implicit in the "Poems of the Fancy" and "Poems of the Imagination," has also for prose literature received, in the poet's own essay 'Of Poetry as Observation and Description,' its classical expression.

FITHIAN'S JOURNAL.

Philip Vickers Fithian: Journal and Letters. 1767-1774. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by John Rogers Williams. Princeton, N. J.: The University Library. 1900.

If, as it would appear, the Princeton Historical Association is the conservator of unpublished narratives from the pens of alumni or of others closely associated with the University, it has been fortunate in this which appears to be its first publication. Unfortunately the Journal which Fithian kept in his boyhood and resumed in his post-graduate days, was neglected while in college, so that we do not get the minute account of his daily life and the conditions which modified it as a student, nor the freshly recorded impressions from those surroundings. When a private tutor in Virginia, he fixed such details day by day with his pen. The editor has introduced an interesting cut of Nassau Hall, the Old North of to-day, as it stood in those seventies when Fithian and his associates, Madison, Lee, Burr, Freneau, and Brockholst Livingston, went in and out. It sheltered the whole college, excepting the President, and including the tutors. In the material sense it *was* the college. We find in one of Fithian's letters that the rousing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bell rings at 5 A. M., with compulsory prayers after the second ringing at 5:30, "and lest any should plead that he did not hear the bell, the servant who rings goes to every door and beats till he wakens the boys, which leaves them without excuse." There was then an hour's study, in winter by candle-light, breakfast at eight, recitations and study from nine to one, when dinner, study from three to five, at which hour came prayers. Supper was at seven, and at nine the bell rang for study and inspection of rooms by a tutor for absences. "After nine any may go to bed, but to go before is reproachful." That curfew survives, but without tutors or inspections. The diarist notes the death of "a wise, useful, religious girl," a valued correspondent, who "took with her all her virtues," and the editor fails to connect this eulogy with her grave lying in modest isolation within the University grounds. Surmise and imagination have surrounded that lonely tomb with baseless legends, for which Fithian clearly substitutes the reality.

All that is of local concern and of little more. The general interest of the Journal lies in the copious daily observations of unfamiliar surroundings while the writer was a private tutor in Virginia. In the autumn of 1773 Fithian accepted the offer of Col. Robert Carter of Nomini Hall, on the little river of that name. To reach his destination involved 260 miles in the saddle, and crossing by ferry the lower Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Potomac, and by ford the Patapsco, now of such diminished volume as to be scarcely worth mentioning, but then the source of vigorous mill-power and the bearer of shipping at least to Elk-Ridge Landing, Baltimore's commercial rival. (The "Rolling Road" from Catonsville to the Landing still bears witness that tobacco hogsheads were transferred by rolling to that head of navigation.) This journey, now a little matter, then required nine days, including one of rest which was not the Sabbath. Westmoreland County, Virginia, was indeed removed in time, which is the true measure of distance, and in customs, which differentiate people, from Cumberland County, New Jersey. Independently of the actual number of miles or of days from home, the remoteness from routes of travel, although within plain sight of the Potomac, is shown in Fithian's entry that he received together on July 26 several letters from New Jersey written between February 13 and July 7, for which he paid postage twelve shillings fivepence, Pennsylvania currency, "and I very proud of my bargain." Newspapers were most rare, due, he suspects, to their sale by the mail-riders on the way. There are frequent references to and speculations concerning the exciting events in Boston, and the assembling of a Congress at Philadelphia, but no definite news came from either place.

Besides this physical isolation, the Virginian settlements were detached socially from the northern provinces. The planters lived their own lives, with the English church and the provincial court as the foci of the ellipse that bounded their religious and social career. The sentiment of West Jersey was Calvinistic, where it was not Quaker, and there is little wonder that the popular opinion of life on the plantations was not acceptable to the friends of this Presbyterian theological student. They advised against his taking the place lest he should encounter the dangerous temptations of "gay company, frequent entertainments, little practical devotion, no remote pretension to heart religion, daily examples in men of the highest quality of luxury, intemperance, and impiety." There certainly was contrast in the life of the two colonies, but, as usual, the unknown had been magnified, and our tutor returned with his principles unscathed, and possibly his minor morals of manners polished and improved. He visited home in the summer to be examined by the Presbytery, and returned there finally in the autumn at the expiration of his engagement. In his expense account of these two trips appears this curious illustration of the times, not merely of a Virginia custom: he paid seven shillings and sixpence to be ferried over the Potomac, and "gave the ferryman a bottle of rum"; at South River, ferriage sixpence and "to half a gallon of rum for ferryman, two shillings sixpence"; over the Chesapeake from Annapolis, "the ferriage here for a man and horse is fifteen shillings, to the ferryman for a quart of rum one shilling threepence, and for my footing, never having crossed the ferry before, I paid one shilling." In other words, the free bestowal of ardent spirits was a common benefaction that excited no comment, even when made by a prospective minister, and were it withheld it would probably occasion remark, if not complaint. The equanimity with which Fithian enters the items of his personal consumption of alcoholics on his journey has a matter-of-fact air, although the theological student of to-day finds it unnecessary thus to fortify himself. They are: Bitters, 4d.; wine and oats, 4s.; oats, cordial, etc., 4s. 10d.; tea, oats, cordial, etc., 4s. 10d. drank a bowl of punch with Mr. —— ——; "called for a gill of bitters to qualify my humours, and a dish of tea to cheer me, and soon to bed." "I got a bowl of punch and fed, 2s. 6d."; "fed my horse and drank some brandy"; "expense here, half a gill of brandy, 3d."; "glass of wine bitters, 4d." It was the habit of the day. He was not too sedate.

Fithian was a thorough Whig, and his zeal for the cause outran his respect for the rights of property and the restraint of law when, being at home, with forty other young men disguised as Indians, he assisted in burning a cargo of tea at Greenwich, N. J., 22d November, 1774. This does not appear to have disturbed his conscience, nor, if known to them, to have weighed with his ecclesiastical superiors; for within a fortnight the Presbytery of Philadelphia licensed him to preach. He remained in the active ministry until he died, a Chaplain in the Continental Army, in October, 1776.

Many of Fithian's notes were merely of the conduct of the children under his care, some of his toothache, some of the weather, but there is hardly a page but sheds light upon his surroundings, and we get views of the plainness as well as the costliness of Virginia country life. Col. Carter's home estate embraced 2,500 acres with 150 negroes, but he possessed in all 60,000 acres and 600 blacks. Not only as a man of wealth but as one of the Governor's Council, he was a social leader, and Fithian at once entered as a favored observer a community which illustrated the best of the Colonial type. The editor, somewhat idealizing the "most delightful picture . . . of refinement and culture, of elegance of living and lavish hospitality, of balls, and fox hunts, and an almost constant round of entertainments," adds with a melancholy strongly suggestive of youthfulness, "But those days are gone. A century and a quarter has passed and left behind the ineffaceable trace of war and its consequent desolation." It has been less war than the natural lapse of time which has changed the conditions in the Northern Neck. One form of this change was foreshadowed by the sagacious and (as painted by Fithian) charming Mrs. Carter thus:

> "After supper I had a long conversation with Mrs. Carter concerning negroes in Virginia, and find that she esteems their value no higher than I do. We both concluded (I am pretty certain that the conclusion is just) that if in Mr. Carter's or in any gentleman's estate, all the negroes should be sold, and the money put to interest in safe hands, and let lands which these negroes now work lie wholly uncultivated, the bare interest of the price of the negroes would be a much greater yearly income than what is now received from their working the lands, making no allowance at all for the trouble and risk of the masters as to the crop and negroes."

Slavery existed in New Jersey, and its mere presence in Virginia excited no comment. There are few references to the institution in the diary, but what there are mark the difference between the domestic service as Fithian had seen it at home, and the control of large numbers in whom the interest was chiefly that of property. We have already made excerpts on this subject from the foretaste of the diary in the *American Historical Review*. The real interest in these pages, apart from the unconscious relation of the young man's own character, are the illustrations of rural life in a sparsely settled region where wealth without real luxury prevailed. His pupils were backward in their studies, although not thus characterized by him. The eldest girl, sixteen years old, was "reading the *Spectator*, writing, and beginning to cipher." It is written: "She is small of her age, has a mild, winning presence, never swears, which is here a distinguished virtue, dances finely, plays well on the key'd instruments, and is on the whole in the first class of the female sex." The establishment is on a large scale, and by suggestion not so comfortable as if more compact. Three yoke of oxen to one cart deliver four loads of firewood daily in the winter, but in the severer weather there was none to spare, as "twenty-eight steady fires, and most of these are very large," consume it all. The family at Nomini makes away yearly with 27,000 pounds of pork, 20 beeves, 550 bushels of wheat, besides corn, 4 hogsheads of rum, and 150 gallons of brandy, which indicates profusion if not splendor. That the life seemed grand is shown by this note on an occasion when a number of guests were in the house: "Half after eight we were rung in to supper; the room looked luminous and splendid; four large candles burning on the table where we supped; three others in different parts of the room; a gay, sociable assembly, and four well-instructed waiters!" "Almost every gentleman of condition keeps a chariot and four; many drive with six horses"; which is as indicative of bad roads as it is of display. Attendance at church was a social and business function as well as a religious duty. The parson preaches fifteen or twenty minutes; the church door holds advertisements

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of pork for sale: the gentlemen "consult about and determine their common business, either before or after service"; they remain outside until the service begins, and enter in a body.

"Their method of farming is slovenly, without any regard to continue their land in heart for future crops. They plant large quantities of land without any manure and work it very hard to make the best of the crop, and when the crop comes off they take away the fences to enclose another piece of land for the next year's tillage, and leave this in common to be destroyed by winter and beasts till they stand in need of it again to plough."

The human strain that permeates the volume is most attractive. Fithian's ingenuous manner and affectionate disposition everywhere appear. He shows no sign of humor, life is too serious; but neither is there the least censoriousness. He kept the Princeton anniversaries as feast days of his soul, and, avowedly pleased as he was with his duties and his companions, the comparative magnificence of Nomini failed to weaken his loyalty and longing for the humble Cohansie.

The introduction refers to a note to one of the manuscript volumes that some of the Journals and Letters were transcribed from loose sheets by a brother of Fithian's who wrote a clerkly hand, but was not well educated, and this "will account for many errors in orthography, punctuation, the placing of capital letters, etc., etc." To perpetuate such errors in the printed page is unbecoming to the occasion. There is an excellent index of proper names, but the subject index, except under those names, is defective. Somewhat more careful proof-reading would not have allowed "hopelessly" to stand for "hopefully" converted (p. 30), nor have designated the wash-house as the work-house (p. 130). But the reader is misled by neither.

One may wonder why the editor, who has carefully traced the genealogy of many persons casually mentioned in the diary, failed to note the distinguished Major-General David Hunter, a son of the Rev. Andrew Hunter, jr., who frequently appears in the earlier pages. By John Champe Carter is almost certainly meant the well-remembered Edward Champe Carter of Revolutionary fame, noted for his physical prowess and vigorous patriotism.

TWO BOOKS ON TIBET.

With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple. Narrative of Four Years' Residence on the Tibetan Border, and of a Journey into the Far Interior. By Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D. Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 400.

In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan. By H. H. P. Deasy. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

Dr. Rijnhart's is an altogether exceptional book in missionary literature. She has gone far and seen and suffered much, and tells of it with simplicity and effect. The style may sometimes be dubious and the sentences even obscure, but the root of the matter is there—a narrative of life for several years in a Tibetan population on the border of Tibet, and of a journey to within 150 miles of Lhasa itself. Dr. Rijnhart and her husband went out, as independent missionaries, to attempt an entrance into Tibet. They chose as their point of attack the northeast frontier, feeling confident that far freer access would be possible on that side than through the jealously guarded Himalayan passes on the west and south. The fact seems really to be that it is only Lhasa, the sacred city, with its immediate district, that is protected so carefully against foreign profanation. For this purpose they settled at Lusar, the secular village attached to the famous Lamasery of Kunbum, about twenty miles west of Sining, in the province of Kansu. The western part of that province, sometimes called Outer Tibet, has a large Tibetan element in its population, and the Lamasery at Kunbum is reckoned the next holiest to that at Lhasa. They reached there early in 1895, just in time to be in the thick of the Mohammedan insurrection which swept Kansu in that year. During it they were driven to take refuge in the Lamasery, where they had already made friends of the abbot and others by their medical skill. Living under such conditions, they came into close and friendly contact with men of all sorts and conditions, and, especially, had an almost unique opportunity to study life in a Buddhist monastery and Lamaism as it really exists. The descriptions are sympathetic and intelligent, the enervating charm of the ritual is appreciated, and its curious and exact parallels to that of the Roman Church are detailed. The strange legend of Tsong-capa, the reformer of Tibetan Buddhism, and of the founding of Kunbum is retold, with the suggestions of Western influences which still live in tradition. Of Mahatmas they could find no trace; even Lamas from Lhasa could tell nothing of such wonder-workers. The nearest approach was that some Lamas professed magic powers by which they drew the figure of a horse on paper, changed it to a real horse, and sent it on the wings of the wind to aid distressed travellers. The doctrine of reincarnation they found to be as absolutely accepted as present existence; but the proofs were of the meagrest, and they did not feel driven to the Satanic theory of MM. Huc and Gabet.

In the spring of 1898 they felt that the time had come for a forward movement upon Tibet proper and Lhasa. Their success had been so great in gaining the confidence and friendship of the people and the intimacy of the Lamas that the journey to the neighborhood, at least, of Lhasa did not seem impossible. But these hopes were not fulfilled, and Dr. Rijnhart, after almost eight months of journeying (April to November, 1898), returned alone, her child having died on the way and been buried under a boulder on a hillside, and her husband having vanished without leaving a trace. It is a pathetic story, full of patience and strength. It could have been told with more art, but hardly more effectively. During the last two months Dr. Rijnhart was absolutely alone, and how she fought her way through, revolver in hand day and night, illustrates the mysterious possibility of strength in some natures—for we should judge from many things that she is not a masculine woman. Horned cattle are a horror to her, and the sound of firing full of nervous shocks.

Their route lay on the great caravan track running from Si-nung through the Chaidam and the Dangla Mountains. Their farthest point was the Shiabden monastery, just south of Lake Chomora. There they were met by officials from Lhasa and were finally turned back. The return route was on the track through Harba and Darge to Ta-chien-lu in the Chinese province Sze-chuan. It was something under a hundred miles west of Jyékundo (a place of many names and spellings, apparently Kegudo on the map of Tibet in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica') that Mr. Rijnhart was lost. It is evident that the journey would have been far richer in geographical results if he had survived, or if his papers could have been preserved. As it is, the expert in Tibet will undoubtedly be able to piece a good deal together from what has been saved here and from Dr. Rijnhart's own somewhat confused observations. The route from Shiabden to Jyékundo seems to cover fresh ground. Bonvalot and Henri d'Orléans came near it in 1890, but only for a small distance. Dr. Rijnhart may probably claim to be the first to enter Jyékundo from the west. But the strength and value of her book is rather in the view which we gain of the people and their life and of the possibility of contact and influence. With strong religious fervor Dr. Rijnhart has succeeded in combining a common-sense appreciation of the standpoints of others, and a sympathy with them in all their wanderings of thought. It is very evident that the modern scientific training of missionaries is already bearing fruit. The black-coated and tall-hatted figure of the tracts of our childhood is vanishing, and we have now men and women who are prepared to go among their people, to live with them and dress like them, and to trust to their own weight of character and knowledge to carry them through and make their influence felt. It is in such work only that there is any hope of bringing the East and West together.

For geographical science it is well to know how high the peaks of Tibet and Chinese Turkestan are. The full-length picture of Capt. Deasy shows a well-knit man in the late forties. He is apparently as much at home in garments made of sheepskin, with the wool inside, as in the white duck and gold braid of summer camps in India. In 1896 the newly published map of Tibet, with a vast extent of the territory marked "unexplored," acted as a direct challenge to this British officer, who had long sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. He had trained himself carefully in the study of astronomy and surveying, and on the voyage from England to India put his knowledge in practice by assisting the naval officers in their work. In the Greenwich Observatory he paid especial attention to the mastery of the problems of longitude. He then gave his attention to medicine and surgery. Having made his preparations in Srinagar, he journeyed to Leh, and, after laying in supplies and gathering his caravan men, he set his face towards the land of the Lamas. At Zingral, the insect-infested rooms were left behind and he climbed the passes. At Frobrang, a tiny village of about a half-a-dozen houses, at an altitude of about 14,800 feet, probably the highest cultivated place in the world, he purchased the sheep which were to serve for transport purposes. These are the best beasts of burden for Tibet. In good condition and under charge of a man who knows his business, they will carry loads of about twenty-two pounds for a long time, but, like the East, they must not be hustled. They will go twelve miles a day and need one day's rest every week. Besides these fifty sheep were twenty-seven mules, thirty-five ponies, and a donkey, together with three riding ponies. The human contingent consisted of two Englishmen, ten caravan men, and one shepherd, besides burden-bear-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers, and seven India men in various capacities. The total weight of baggage and stores was about 17,000 pounds.

Thenceforward the story is a march through unknown lands, among magnificent snow mountains, without guides and with much work being done by triangulation. The red lines of the map show that while in the main the valleys were followed, yet the travellers were surrounded on all sides by mountains over 16,000 feet high, not a few of the peaks rising to 20,000 feet and more. Sandy plains and salt lakes were frequent. It was not merely the making of one journey traversing a certain area. In a literal sense, triangulation was made by going around three sides of the great clump of mountains, between parallels 34 and 35 and meridians 81 and 82, whose peaks are four miles high. In addition to the frequent cold, the barrenness and waterless stretches of country, and the sickness and death of the animals, there was constant danger from worthless caravan men and hostile Tibetans. The nomads refused to help the explorers, and even showed them the wrong direction, so that more than once they wandered about and had to retrace their steps. It seemed to be impossible for the inhabitants to understand why in the world a white man should want to come into Tibet, climb high mountains, and use strange-looking instruments, unless the purpose was immediately and malevolently military. The cordite, or smokeless gunpowder, on these high altitudes was useless. At one camp, Pike, the author's companion, tried six times to shoot an antelope, but each time the bullet dropped to the ground within fifty yards of him. The severe weather made heavy demands on the medicine chest, but when the whole human nature in the caravan became afflicted with coughing, the author issued an order allowing for each man's restoration of health within a period of twenty-four hours, after which a heavy fine was imposed for every cough that was heard. This remedy was more effective than drugs, and cured the [illegible] camp with marvellous rapidity. From the 18th of June until early in November, the caravan travelled 776 miles, by which time sixty out of the sixty-six animals had fallen victims to the hardships of the journey or had been stolen by the Chukpas. Capt. Deasy reached Leh on November 13, rejoining his regiment at Umbala about the middle of December.

Still smitten with the exploration fever, the author in March, 1897, resigned his commission, owing to troubles arising from an unhealthy river, and resolved to explore and survey the valley of the Yarkand River. He would know what was the meaning or value of the dotted line which, on Lord Curzon's map, was supposed to represent its general direction. No traveller had followed the course of the river below the west end of the Raskam valley. This time, securing as invaluable aid a Yunnan Chinaman, who had wandered westward to India, he started with his caravan-men and officers, four of them old comrades, and again set out from Srinagar, making his start from Bandipoora. He gives an unvarnished narrative of the journey to Yarkand, in which he often camped at a height of 16,000 feet. To take observations in the strong wind, when the temperature was several degrees below zero, and beard and moustache froze to the metal every time the vernier was read, until he was forced to cover his face with cardboard, made scientific work very difficult and slow. From Yarkand to Khotan across the Takla Makan desert, the journey was on comparatively low ground—that is, well under 5,000 feet; but much was the sickness and great was the scoundrelism of humanity in that part of the world. It is no wonder that the author writes later that among them morality is unknown.

At Karasai, a village of caves, the second journey may be considered over, for here most of his bearers were paid off. He set out again eastward through Tibet, to examine and survey the country, to determine the heights of as many mountain-peaks as possible, and to find out whether there was a route of travel between Polu and central Tibet. This part of the exploration took him over the highest mountains, and was the cause of much suffering, but he returned safely to Yarkand. Thence making a fourth attempt to explore the valley of the Yarkand River, he suffered much from lying natives, in crossing frozen rivers, and in ascending glaciers; but, accomplishing his task, he finished his winter journey on February 2, after a three months' tramp of more than a thousand miles. About the middle of September, he left the oasis of Yarkand to visit Kashgar, where, at the house of McCartney, the English assistant for Chinese affairs, who had suggested Deasy's journey across the Takla Makan desert, he enjoyed for a few days the luxuries of civilization.

Setting out again from Yarkand to Khotan, he suffered, not only from dust-storms and loss of his pack animals, but from the opposition of the Chinese officers. From other causes, however, chiefly the severe weather, the scarcity of grass, the unusual exertions necessary, and the failure of the health of his chief helper, he was obliged to abandon his most ambitious journey. So, making a "cache" of the food and other supplies not required for the route homeward, he left the barren hills of sandy deserts and reached Leh. There he at once called for two quarts of beer, a liquid which he had not tasted for two years. Having covered more than 5,300 miles with a caravan, he looked, when at Srinagar, rough enough. At Simla a combination of maladies overtook him, and he spent two months in a hospital, yet was able to explain his work to the officers and computers of the trigonometrical branch of the survey to India. When he reached London he was so weak in health as to be scarcely able to crawl.

An appendix gives the digested results, with memoranda and criticism of Capt. Deasy's measurements and computations, together with reports on the plants and animal forms collected and brought back. There are a good index and abundant illustrations from photographs, and the work is one of first importance to the student of mid-Asian problems.

Histoire de l'Affaire Dreyfus: Le Procès de 1894. By Joseph Reinach. Paris: Éditions de la *Revue Blanche*. 1901.

Of all the literature produced by the Dreyfus case, rich and full of talent as it is, this book is by far the most complete and the most likely to last. M. Joseph Reinach, who is well known in French politics as the ex-confidant of Gambetta and one of the most influential writers of the Opportunist party, played in the Dreyfus affair a most militant and courageous rôle. Thanks to his many relations in official circles, his wide experience of both civil and military matters, he was one of the best informed and most skilful of the revisionists, and his terse, logical, and pathetic articles in the *Siècle* threw much light on many mysterious corners of the great drama. His championship of Dreyfus was, moreover, as disinterested as it was brave. Unpopular as he was already, there was nothing for him to gain in that battle and everything to lose. In fact, he lost everything. A captain in the reserve of the French army, he was dismissed and deprived of his grade. A representative in the Chamber of Deputies, he was defeated at the polls by his constituents. Finally, great as was his unpopularity with the mob, it was increased a hundredfold by the stand he took as a Dreyfusist, and is today almost unrivalled. All this does not seem calculated to make a very impartial and trustworthy historian of the Dreyfus case. Nevertheless, M. Reinach has succeeded in being such an historian. His book covers only the period of the trial of 1894, from Gen. Mercier's appointment as Minister of War, December 3, 1893, down to Capt. Dreyfus's departure for Devil's Island, February 21, 1895. This is one of the most pathetic chapters of French contemporary history. M. Reinach has written it not merely from his own recollections and information gathered at first hand from his friends in the Government, but also with the aid of the testimony given before the courts, at Paris and at Rennes, by all the principal actors in the case.

The book opens with a graphic sketch of Gen. Mercier when he first appears in Parliament as a promising minister, and wins the enthusiastic support of the Deputies by a well-worded and patriotic speech. A year after, countless mistakes and blunders in his military administration had revealed an incapacity and conceit which made him the most despised of all the politicians. His popularity had faded away, when, suddenly, on September 24, 1894, an event occurred which would allow him to regain it by posing as a saviour of the country. The famous bordereau, stolen at the German embassy in the janitor's office before reaching M. de Schwartzkoppen, is brought to Col. Henry by one of the spies of the so-called "section of statistics," a man by the name of Brücker. M. Reinach, while renouncing his first imprudent hypothesis of Col. Henry being Esterhazy's accomplice, takes for granted that the former recognized, at once, in the treasonable document the handwriting of his comrade and friend Esterhazy, but dared not suppress it for fear of Brücker's betraying him. His argumentation does not seem to us quite decisive, and Henry's rôle at the origin of the affair still remains in some obscurity. But what the author has explained with absolute clearness is how, in the midst of the emotions caused at the War Office by this sensational discovery, the suspicions happened to converge towards the unfortunate Dreyfus. He shows how they all started from the preconceived and erroneous notion that the bordereau, since it referred to topics discussed at the War Department, must perforce have been written by some one who belonged to that department—and by one who was both a *stagiaire* and an artillery officer. The two men who built up that theory, Lieut.-Col. Fabre and Lieut.-Col. d'Aboville, happened to be both anti-Semites, like almost all the aristocratic officers of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the general staff. Looking over the list of officers who answered the description of the supposed writer, they at once stopped at the name of Dreyfus. A rapid glance at his handwriting satisfied them that "the resemblance of the two handwritings was striking." The word *artillerie* in the bordereau and in certain notes written by Dreyfus could be superposed so as to fit exactly. Moreover, all the other requirements seemed to be met by the Jewish captain, who was generally disliked as a conceited, priggish, and ambitious man. No objections, no difficulty embarrassed them henceforth. The traitor was discovered. "From that time on," says M. Reinach, "begins the phenomenon which dominates the whole affair. It is no longer verified facts and carefully examined documents which establish conviction; it is the preëstablished sovereign and irresistible conviction that alters the facts and documents" (p. 62).

The arrest of Dreyfus, the long inquiry carried on by Du Paty de Clam with the help of Bertillon and Henry—all that procedure which reads like a chapter of the Inquisition; the despair and frenzy of the accused man, who has to fight against mysterious and unknown accusations, the anxiety and impatience of the chiefs responsible for the whole scandal, who dare not back down for fear of the slanders let loose by the gutter press—constitute one of the most heartrending stories to be found in the judicial annals of any country. In contrast to this display of dark ignorance, fanaticism, and moral cowardice, coupled with a sort of auto-suggestion which the author has very keenly analyzed, we see the heroic faithfulness of Dreyfus's wife and brothers, the kind-heartedness and generosity of Major Forginetti, head of the Cherche Midi, who, from the start, recognized in his prisoner an innocent man and did his best to comfort him. "Toute la bonté du genre humain s'était refugiée dans ce geôlier," says M. Reinach.

Besides these facts, never before recited with so much accuracy, although well known in the main, this book gives us details on more mysterious episodes. Thus, we know now that the secret *dossier* communicated to the judges was made up of a so-called biography of Dreyfus written by some mysterious historian, and representing him as an old and hardened traitor; two letters of Panizzardi which had no connection with the accused man, especially that preposterous document known as the *canaille de D. . . .* (which related to a poor fellow known as Dubois); and a spurious translation of a telegram sent to the Italian Government after Dreyfus's arrest—all of which could but force conviction upon the seven judges.

The student of history who is concerned more with general facts than with the Dreyfus incident itself will find here some chapters of great interest and literary talent, such as chapter v., entitled *"La Libre Parole,"* which gives a good insight into anti-Semitism and its most powerful organ; or chapter xi., with its essay on the psychology of the French mob as described in the masterly report of the Degradation. We remark, furthermore, an exact and trustworthy account of President Casimir-Perier's much-discussed resignation on January 15, 1895. The reasons given by M. Reinach, who was at that time an intimate friend of Casimir-Perier, are true and the only true. Casimir-Perier left the Presidency in a fit of humor because his sensitiveness had been deeply irritated and wounded both by the attacks of his foes and by what he styled the weakness of his friends. Moreover, he did not find in the Presidency all the authority and power that he believed to belong to it. His Ministers did not show him the proper regard, did not keep him informed of what was going on, and reduced his office to a mere "machine à signatures." Casimir-Perier, who was not merely a nervous and sensitive man, but also a man of energy and activity, could not stand such an existence any longer, and he resigned. The Dreyfus affair had nothing to do with his decision.

In spite of the general tone of this book, which is impassioned and often eloquent; in spite of some pages, here and there, written by the journalist rather than by the historian; of some portraits of individuals such as Dupuy, Hanotaux, Boisdeffre, whom the author depicts with the pen of a modern Saint-Simon; and even granting that the whole explanation of Col. Henry's rôle is nothing but an hypothesis supported by mere deductions, the fact remains that M. Reinach's work is a scientific contribution to history, composed according to the best and safest methods of research, and well worthy of the great scientist to whom it is dedicated, Émile Duclaux, and of the great cause which inspired it, the cause of truth and of justice.

The Training of the Body. By F. A. Schmidt, M.D., and Eustace H. Miles, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The motive of the book before us is the value of physical training in fitting the young for success in games, and indirectly for success in life, through the exaltation of health and the cultivation of habits of perseverance, self-control, and coöperation. Mr. Miles, an English amateur champion in various fields, seems to conduct his own life on the principle that whatever is worth doing at all should be done with energy and attention, and that a game should be more than mere sport or diversion for amusement's sake alone; and he is willing to give us glimpses of himself in illustration. Dr. Schmidt, a German physician, supplies the medical side; Mr. Miles makes the application. They are not always in accord, but the differences confirm their independence, affirm their earnestness, and do not weaken the combination.

The fundamental advice is to learn part by part, and to become automatically perfect in those features which belong of necessity to any game, before practising for the sake of practice the unusual and unexpected; and examples are given. That is the teaching of the expert who has become such through the genius of common sense and industry, and it is to be respected accordingly. The game is not to be worshipped as a diversion or an exercise, but to be enjoyed as combining physical and moral advantages not otherwise easily acquired. Chief among the latter are those of coöperation, loyalty, and practical honor.

The physiology of exercise is made as plain as lay readers may expect, and various bodily movements are illustrated by numerous figures. Some of these are superfluous, and one or two unintelligible; but as most of us learn by pictures better than by words, we may pardon the excess. It should be a great satisfaction to know why certain movements are made as well as how they are made; as, for instance, the mechanical effect of sharp muscular action upon the circulation, so that, within certain limits, an energetic stride may be less fatiguing than the slow saunter. The diagrams also teach what the text does not always sufficiently impress—the evil of strain from excessive exertion. Thus, figure 221 shows a sphygmogram of a pulse of 250 beats at the end of a run of 220 yards. When one compares this with the tracing of the normal pulse (fig. 220), the irregular, feeble, and rapid impact due to exhaustion is an impressive lesson. As the author frankly states elsewhere, from such exertion too prolonged there is no recovery, witness the runner from Marathon. In the main, the training instructions are wise, and the danger of overwork, as well as that of too sudden abandonment of high training, is noted. One may except to the suggestion (p. 365) that rest during a long walk is better secured with an erect body than by lying supine with relaxed muscles, and perhaps to one or two other details, and may smile at the objection to heated houses "in which the staircases and passages are kept at an even temperature" (p. 266). The legitimate objection is to excessive heat and possibly contaminated air, not against thermic uniformity. But the general lessons are sensible and do not aim at extravagance in method or result. Moreover, there runs through the whole that admirable spirit which we may fairly credit the English with inculcating and maintaining in field sports, of what may be called practical as distinct from theoretical honor.

So much of the volume as Mr. Miles is responsible for contains a contention against flesh foods, either in training or for ordinary diet, which appears at every legitimate opening. This is not sustained by any common experience, although the author himself seems a brilliant exception. One may not gainsay his demonstrated facts, however much his physiological reasoning may be at fault. Food supplies energy, replaces waste, and, to those still growing, furnishes new tissue. Energy is derived chiefly from nitrogen, whether through oats for horses or beans or flesh for man; muscles are built up from the albuminates in general; fat comes from the starches and sugars; and bodily heat, essential to life, from the fats and starches, and particularly from muscular metabolism. There are few marketable foods, fortunately, which do not embrace more than one of these classes, although in unequal amounts. Now, it would matter very little to the citizen at large whether he took his food supply almost solely from the animal or from the vegetable world, like the Eskimo or the Hindu, if it could be arranged so that he did not acquire a sufficiency of one sort at the expense of ingesting a superfluity of the other. But in practice the ordinary man who attempts to live by bread alone finds that he is insufficiently fed in one respect or is gorged in another. Nevertheless, the author appears to have solved the problem under his own conditions, and not only to maintain competent force and energy by a fleshless diet, but to have been relieved from a degree of albuminuria, from a desire for alcohol, and from various physical discomforts which he attributed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to an excess of waste in the circulation when he was a flesh-eater.

From that he concludes that such a diet would be better for all. His basis of fact is not broad enough for the superstructure. We should rather suspect that, consciously or otherwise, by following intelligent medical teaching, he has relieved excretory organs that were under strain, and, further, that he is blessed with assimilative powers which enable him completely to absorb all the nutritive properties of his food. It is not all grist that reaches the ordinary human mill. Upon one feature of diet he is, however, unmistakably correct. The effect of alcohol as a beverage, quite apart from the moral consequences of its abuse, is always mischievous to the man in training. A footnote reads loosely (p. 279): "I often found that even a glass of alcohol put me off." "A glass of alcohol" is not to be construed literally, and what strength of alcoholic beverage is meant is unknown to us; but the principle is true.

A single word upon the construction of the book. It is credited to two authors, but in the preface the English author writes (p. xi.), as an editor: "although I have removed a good deal from Dr. Schmidt's work." The appendices and three of the six parts into which it is divided are specially noted as by Mr. Miles, leaving it to be inferred that the remainder is Dr. Schmidt's. But constantly throughout those parts are notes of disapproval, impressing the Englishman's view where he and the German differ. The German text is nowhere mentioned by name, but this double work appears to be really Schmidt's 'Unser Körper' (Leipzig, 1899), freely done into English, annotated and added to by the very practical champion. As a book, the pages are disfigured by the remarkable use of capitals, applied with great profusion "to enforce the arguments."

The Early History of English Poor Relief. By E. M. Leonard, former Student of Girton College. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan.

Miss Leonard has not only done a remarkably substantial piece of original work, based throughout on contemporary, and for the most part unprinted, evidence; she has made a notable contribution to the interpretation of English history. Mr. S. R. Gardiner, who began what we may fairly call "the rehabilitation" of the first two Stuarts and of their great ministers Strafford and Laud, has never gone so far as to maintain that their policy of paternal government was, in any important respect, really successful; he has been content if he could persuade us that they had worthy ideals even though, under the circumstances, these ideals were impracticable. The year after Charles I. broke with his Parliament in 1629, the Privy Council began to take energetic action for the enforcement of the Elizabethan statutes for the relief of the poor. It was undoubtedly moved thereto by the distress occasioned by a visitation of the plague in the spring of 1630, and a failure of the harvest in the autumn. In the January of 1631 a Royal Commission was appointed to take the matter in hand, consisting of some of the chief officers of state and certain members of the higher nobility. For convenience it was divided into committees for the several circuits, and it is interesting to observe that while Wentworth was assigned to the Northern circuit, Falkland was among those to whom Shropshire and the surrounding country were allotted, and Laud and Coke acted together for the district round Lincoln. At the same time a Book of Orders was issued, setting forth the duties of the justices of the peace, and ordering quarterly reports from them which were to pass to the Lords Commissioners through the hands of the sheriffs and the judges of assize. When we turn to Mr. Gardiner's one page on the subject, we find the remark that this requirement of reports "put a check upon the tendency of the local powers to slacken in their efforts for the public good." But Mr. Gardiner is chiefly concerned to argue that the anxiety of the Council, "in their quarrel with the aristocracy," "to fall back upon an alliance with the people" was not likely to strengthen its hands in the approaching struggle. "It was hardly likely that their good deeds in this direction would weigh very heavily in the balance." What Mr. Gardiner does not tell us is the practical efficiency of the "good deeds"; and but few would observe and realize the significance of the following sentence added to one of the footnotes—"The *State Papers* are full of the Justice's Reports as long as Charles maintained his authority."

But now comes Miss Leonard, and, having worked through these Justice's Reports as well as great masses of similar material for the whole century, she declares that it was to the action of the Privy Council during the period of "personal government" (1629-1640) that England owes the very existence of an effective poor law in later centuries. It is not commonly remembered that, until very recent times, the English poor law was quite unique in Europe. As to whether that was a blessing for England or no, opinions will differ; many will be inclined to agree with Louise Michel that the system of public poor relief has done a good deal to save the country from social revolution. However that may be, no other European country had the like. But the conditions all over western Europe were much the same everywhere in the sixteenth century when legislation was first attempted — England, instead of preceding other countries, lagged behind; and the principles to be followed were seen quite as clearly, if not more clearly, in other countries. Accordingly, France and Germany and Scotland have all of them enactments to show substantially identical with the act of 1536 and its successors.

In all these countries, however, they became a dead letter in the following century. The defect, so Miss Leonard urges, was not in want of legislation, but in want of enforcement by adequate administrative effort. This is probably true, though the survival of the monasteries and hospitals in France probably rendered the distress in certain localities less acute; and in Germany the Thirty Years' War has something to answer for. Be the causes what they may, the enactments in foreign countries ceased to be obeyed; and the same thing is true of England between 1605 and 1629. "The administration of poor relief was on the whole negligent," is Miss Leonard's conclusion upon the evidence, "and in many districts the poor law was already considered to be of little importance." Out of this slough the energy of the Privy Council dragged the poor law in 1631, and saved it for the coming centuries. The Civil War interrupted their work; and after the Restoration, and still more after the Revolution, the administration became more indulgent to the squirearchy. But the pressure of twelve years (1630-1642) had been maintained long enough to create a habit, even with justices and overseers, and the assessments continued to be made and relief administered.

We have singled out this one point, and it is that on which Miss Leonard herself lays most stress, because, if it is true, as we think it is, it tends to correct some common and deep-rooted prejudices. We are not likely to return to an indiscriminate admiration for the Martyr King, even though he was a martyr in the cause of direct taxation, as Disraeli was fond of saying; his abandonment of Strafford would stand in our way, if nothing else. But it is some little comfort to learn that Strafford and those who followed him did not sacrifice themselves quite in vain; that some part of their labor, at any rate, was fortunately "thorough." Miss Leonard's volume, however, is full of new information on many other sides of the social life of Tudor and Stuart times. The example set to the central authorities by some of the towns, notably London and Norwich; the active part played by the Elizabethan bishops in suggesting and enforcing measures for poor relief; the attempt to secure a public provision of corn to meet seasons of emergency; the various plans adopted for dealing with the unemployed—these are some of the subjects for which we must in future have recourse to Miss Leonard's pages. And if we are disinclined to agree with some of her conclusions, there is enough evidence printed in the notes and in the twelve valuable appendices, to serve as basis for an independent judgment.

It is no reflection on the authoress, but on her publishers, to express the hope that they will not continue to send out books to reviewers with the index pages represented by blank paper. A reviewer has been known to take a personal interest in the subject of a book, and to wish afterwards to consult it; and then he surely has the rights of the mere reader.

Rumania in 1900. By G. Benger. Authorized translation by A. H. Keane. Map and illustrations. London: Asher & Co. Pp. xiii, 286. Large 8vo.

The first step taken by Prince Charles on assuming the rule in 1866, for Herr Benger's work is practically an economic history of his reign, was to carry out the reform initiated by his predecessor, the emancipation of the peasants, and putting them in possession of the land they cultivated. This was done by expropriating two-thirds of each of the great landed estates and the secularization of the monastic estates. These latter amounted at the time, according to one authority, to an eighth of the whole principality, and were held in some cases by foreign monasteries, as those of Mount Athos, Jerusalem, and other places. The land thus acquired, known as the Crown Domains, was offered to the people on such easy terms of payment that there are now some 700,000 freehold proprietors, whose farms comprise half the area of the state, while forty years ago more than three-quarters was unreclaimed land. With the view of stimulating foreign and domestic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trade in a country almost destitute of means of communication, the Government has constructed 12,000 miles of highroads, 2,000 miles of railways, built bridges, including one over the Danube, and extensive harbor works on the Black Sea. Although a large debt was incurred for these public works, and from the land operations, as well as for the reorganization of the army, yet the administration of the finances has been conducted on so sound a basis that in recent years there has been no deficit. The foreign trade has an annual value of $150,000,000, while the increase of private wealth is indicated by the fact that deposits in the savings banks have risen from $12,000 in 1866 to $12,000,000 in 1899.

At the same time every effort has been made to increase the intelligence of the people. The twelve estates constituting the Crown Domains are managed so as to be an object-lesson to the peasantry, not only in the best methods of agriculture, but in house and village building on sanitary principles, and in rural education. On them are thirty-nine schools, in which instruction is given in all the various home industries within the reach of Rumanian peasants. The ordinary village schools have gardens attached, in which the children are taught practical horticulture. There is a picture of one of these village schools, which for attractiveness of exterior could not be surpassed in this country. There are also agricultural and forestry schools, and in twenty-three communes the teachers conduct biweekly advanced courses for adults. The village schools on the Government estates have libraries, and in some urban schools there are kitchens and refectories where the children can get a midday meal for a cent and upwards. This system is being gradually extended to the rural schools, where, considering the poverty of the people and in many cases the remoteness of the schools, it cannot fail to be most beneficial. The annual expenditure upon the village schools, which have 180,000 pupils, is a little over a million dollars. The different degrees of intelligence reached by the people of the three Balkan States is indicated by the fact that Bulgaria and Servia together have only 382 post-offices, while Rumania, with a million more inhabitants than the two, has 3,062.

In all these efforts for the moral and material elevation of his people King Charles has been ably seconded by leading men of the kingdom, as well as by his noble wife, Queen Elizabeth, Princess von Neuwied, better known as "Carmen Sylva," the poet of her adopted land. A true mother to her people since the loss of her only child, a girl of four, she has taken the deepest interest in promoting their welfare, ministering with her own hands to their needs in hospitals, and caring personally for their instruction. "For years together she has brought lady teachers from abroad, and has herself often personally undertaken the superintendence and even the management of the girls' schools."

One thing we miss in this array of facts and statistics brought together with such painstaking labor by Herr Benger. Little is said of the political education of the people. Freedom of speech and of the press has long been enjoyed, and religious freedom was assured in 1885 by the disestablishment of the National Church. But no information is given as to how the communes are governed, and how the right of suffrage is regarded and exercised, nor aught of the character and ability of the men who are elected to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. It only remains to add that the book is a beautiful specimen of typography, is fully illustrated, and has an excellent map, but no index.

The Francis Letters, by Sir Philip Francis and Other Members of the Family. Edited by Beata Francis and Elisa Keary. With a Note on the Junius Controversy, by C. F. Keary. With portraits. 2 vols., 8vo. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

These portly and showy volumes contain portions of a family correspondence of considerable interest and value, though not precisely the same as the title-page would lead us to expect. The introduction tells us that "the Francis family had a weakness for preserving letters which lasted through several generations." The selection and arrangement was originally the work of Sir Philip's great-granddaughter, and, when necessarily laid aside by reason of her fatal illness, was completed by the lady whose name stands with hers on the title-page.

These letters are very miscellaneous in character and of very varying interest. Some from Alexander Mackrabie, Philip's brother-in-law, throw amusing light on the colonies in the days just before the Revolution. He writes from Philadelphia, in 1768, "I would not as a friend advise Mr. G. Grenville to come and pass a summer in America. It might be unsafe." From New York, in the same year: "They have a vile Practice here which is peculiar to this City; I mean that of playing Back-Gammon (a Noise I detest), which is going forward in the public Coffee-House from Morning till Night." Francis's own letters from India are interesting, but do not add much to our knowledge of his stormy service there. Those from and to his family exhibit him on the whole in a very amiable light, as an affectionate, if sometimes irascible, father, and a most devoted husband in England, whatever his life in India. There is much amusing gossip about great people and little people, and one story of an elopement, agreeing in many minute details with that in 'Pride and Prejudice,' written about the same period. There is no want of wit or of pathos; but there is not a single word elucidating the smallest point, pro or con, in the "Junius" discussion. The letters are preceded by a well-written introduction on this subject, showing concisely, but clearly, the additional evidence which has been accumulating of late years in favor of Francis's authorship, and commenting, not unfairly or intemperately, upon the bitterness of the animus with which C. W. Dilke and others always attacked the "Franciscans." But the thread of connection between this introduction and the correspondence is—not.

The portraits are an attractive feature of the book; but that of Burke is disfigured by putting his name under it, by a common but irritating American mistake, as "The Hon." instead of "Right-Hon." Edmund Burke.

The Use of Words in Reasoning. By Alfred Sidgwick. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan Co. 1901. Pp. xi, 370.

This book is at once a criticism of formal logic, deductive and inductive, and a course of instruction in regard to how formal logic should be used. The author's prime object is to aid the reader to get at the truth in matters which concern him, and to avoid overestimating and underestimating formal logic as a means to that end. It is his contention that logicians, by confining themselves to a consideration of the form of reasoning, have so simplified their problem that their rules are applicable, except in the simplest cases, only after the hard work of the intelligence is done; and that, ignoring the fact that logic is a practical science, they have encumbered their doctrine with a number of distinctions which are of no service whatever, but rather of disservice because they are confusing. He takes up the directions given by formal logic one after the other, and cautions the student at each step to scrutinize the "material" he is dealing with, pointing out the commoner sources of error in that step, and retrenching such surplusage of doctrine as he conceives logicians have been guilty of.

In purpose the book reminds one of Locke's little 'Essay on the Conduct of the Human Understanding'; it is an essay on the proper conduct of the human understanding in the use of formal logic. It has great value for the student at the period when he is forming his habits of investigation; it offers the professional logician a number of discussions conducted with the fairness and the authority which we have learned to expect from the author of 'Fallacies.'

"For students of music who want to know something about all branches of the art and can afford to buy only one book, this is the thing."—Nation.

Lavignac's Music and Musicians.

3d Edition, revised. 504 pp. 8vo, $3.

"A style which can fairly be described as fascinating."
—W. J. Henderson in N. Y. Times.

Henry Holt & Co., N.Y.

Pocket Size Standard Novels.

Thackeray's Works and **Dickens'** and **Scott's** Novels. Thin paper. Large type, easy to read. Size 4½ by 6¼ inches and only ½ inch thick; Bound in cloth, $1.00 each. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Prospectus free on request.
THOS. NELSON & SONS,
37 East 18th St., New York.

FOR SALE.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents.

The complete set of 73 volumes, unused, and partly in original packages, will be sold for considerably less than the publisher's price.
Mrs. B. A. HINSDALE, Ann Arbor, Mich.

RARE OLD VIOLINS

Remarkable values in fine solo instruments from $50 to $10,000. Largest and finest collection in the world. Send for new catalogue containing Biographies; fac-simile labels; &c. Easy terms.
LYON & HEALY, 16 Adams St., Chicago.

REMINGTON
Standard Typewriter
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED